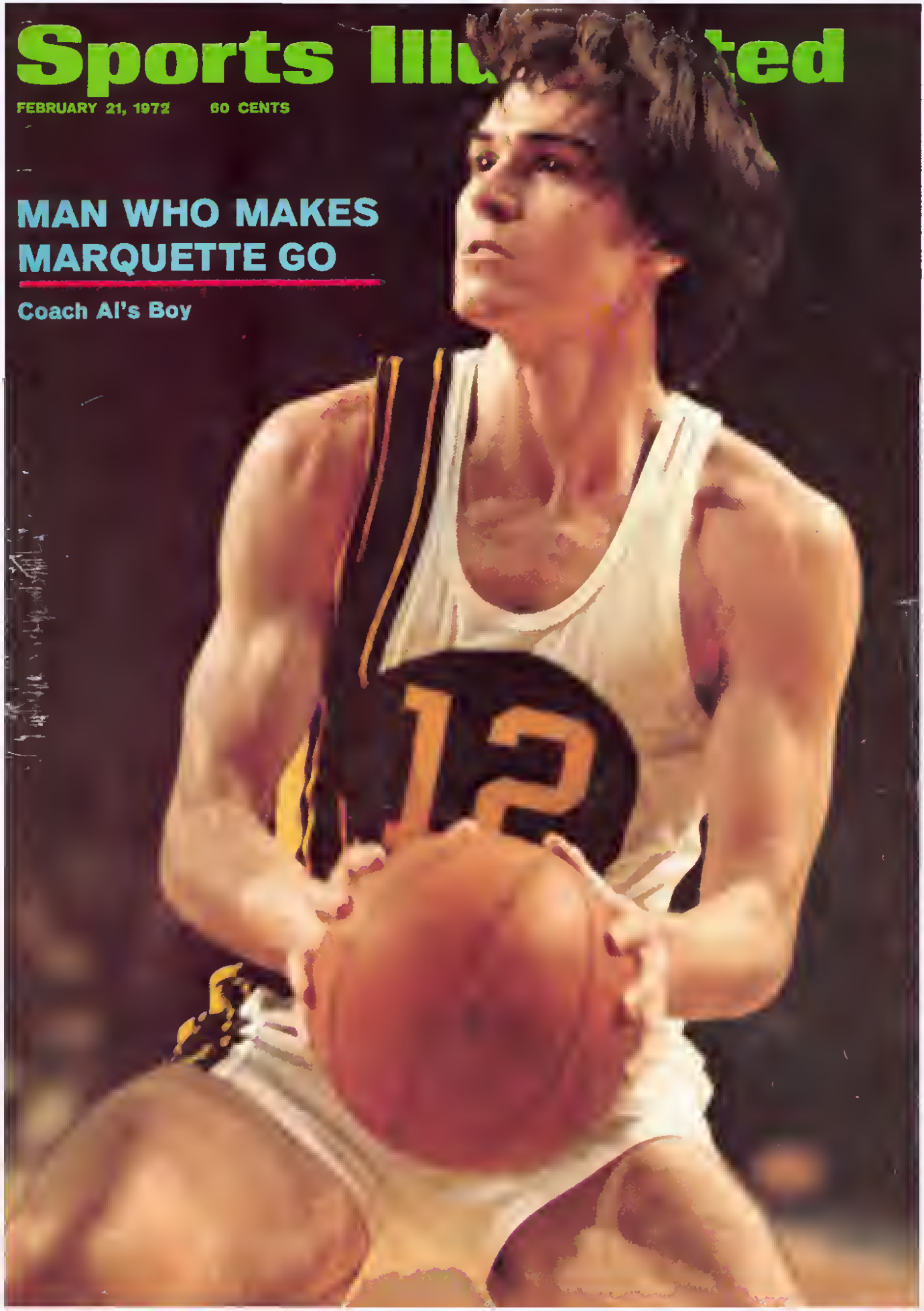
Sports Illustrated
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MAN WHO MAKES MARQUETTE GO

Coach Al's Boy



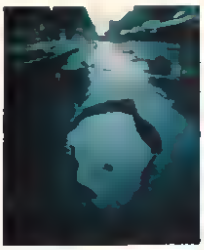
You expect a big car to be plush. What impressed me so much about the '72 Chrysler is the way they put it together.



I always had heard about Chrysler being famous for engineering. But I had to find out for myself.

I conducted a little survey of my own among Chrysler owners. Friends. Acquaintances. Cab drivers. I never met a more enthusiastic bunch.

Then I went to Detroit. I talked to the Chrysler people. I saw how they build their cars. A few of the things I learned are on this page.



They weld their car bodies together in places where others use bolts. They believe this makes the Chrysler a better car.

After all, the less bolts you use . . . the less chance you have of something coming unscrewed. Think of that next time you go over a pot hole.





The New Yorker has always been very plush inside. But what's more important is what they do to make sure it lasts.

The engineers have a thing they call the Bouncing Betty. It's a 168 pound weight they bounce up and down on the seat cushions 100,000 times. That's to make sure the seats are built to take all the times somebody gets in and out of a car. This is the kind of thing that impresses me about Chrysler.





I think the Chrysler New Yorker is a beautiful car. Inside and out. You can see that from the pictures here.

The one thing you can't see is the way it's built.

I watched them put these cars together. And let me say again, they're committed to building all their cars to work better and last longer than ever before. That's where they got their slogan for this year.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

CHRYSLER

Plymouth



Once all he had to do was cross deserts, ford rivers, and fight Indians and outlaws.

An exuberant child playing cops-and-robbers. An aggressive dog These are hazards, among others, that the postman has had to protect himself against almost since the days of the pony express.

Volume up 46% by '80

But the pony express rider's problems were relatively small compared to the U S Postal Service's herculean task today of delivering more than 82 billion pieces of mail a year. By 1980 the volume is estimated at a staggering 120 billion pieces, an increase of over 46%.

Accidents down 35%

In 1968, anticipating the need for more stringent safety standards for handling the mail, particularly internally, the U.S Postal Service called on our Federal Electric Corporation (FEC) to design and conduct a new safety training program.

Fifteen months later it was extensively tested in 126 U.S cities

Over 34,000 postal supervisors completed the program And due to their subsequent efforts in applying what they'd learned, postal accidents dropped 35% in the first 12 months.

Hazards in hospitals

Some months ago, FEC launched a new safety training program for hospitals, where accidents add up to an estimated $300 million annually.

The program was designed specifically for hospitals after FEC's training specialists had made first-hand, in-depth analyses of hospital work and accident records

Typical of the topics covered are fire prevention, uncommon causes of accidents, and the handling of such emergencies as civil disorders.

1,900 programs a year

Training programs are nothing new to us

Each year, our company conducts about 1,900 different programs, for both customers and employees.

These may range from courses in advanced electronics for technicians manning the DEW (Distant Early Warning) Line, stretching from Alaska to Greenland, to secretarial sciences and procedures for minority employees, who are first hired and then trained

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ITT

SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

YOU COULD END UP OWING YOUR LIFE TO SOME DUMMY.

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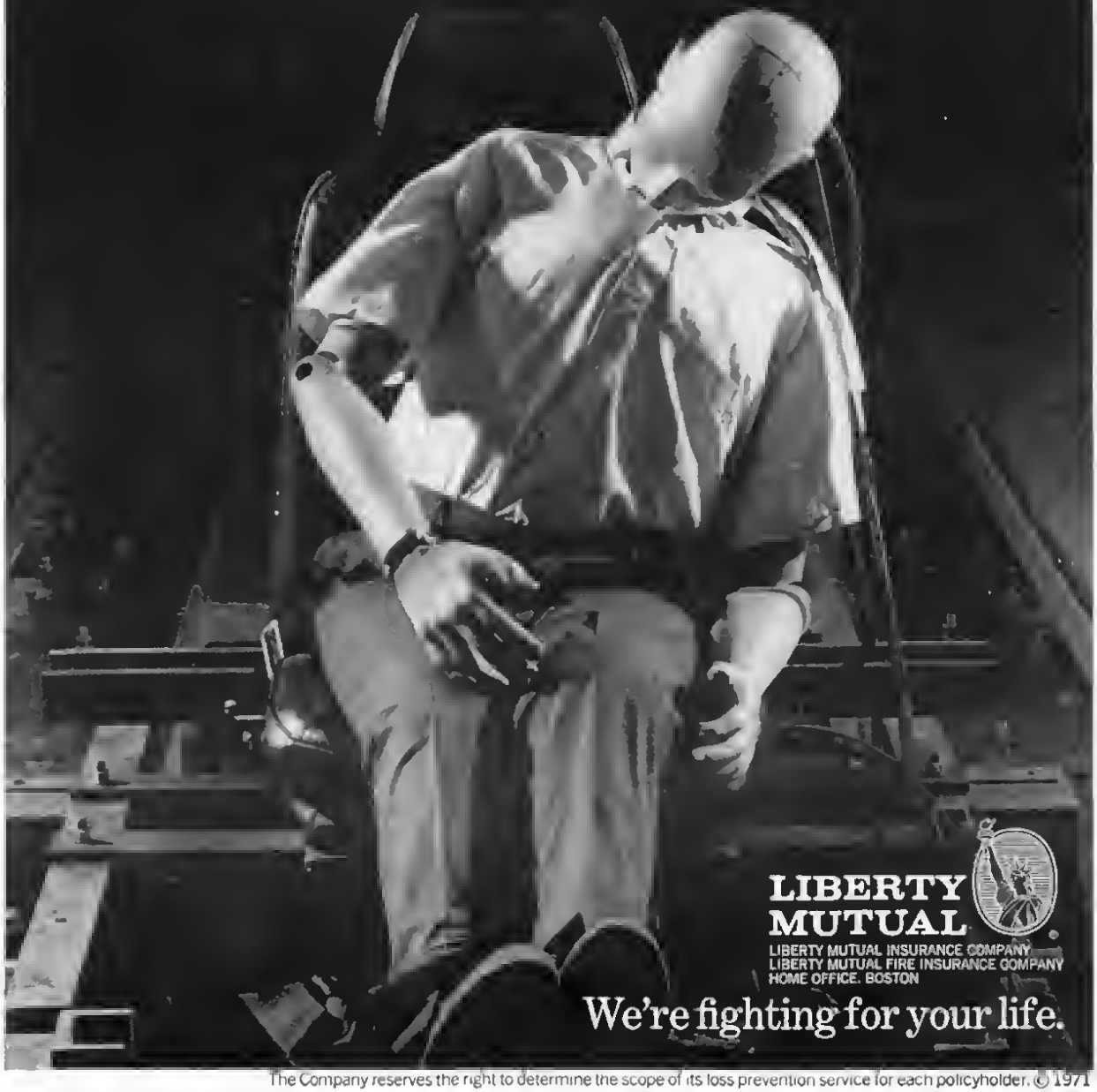
But when his sled simulates a collision, Stan acts pretty much the way you would in your car.

Thud. Whap. Snap.

And Stan is electronically wired to tell us about his experiences.

What he tells us has helped develop capsule seats and better occupant protection. (Liberty Mutual was a part of the initial seat belt study in 1951.)

Naturally, we hope you'll never hit anything, at any speed. But, just in case, isn't it nice to know someone like Stan has been there first.



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We're fighting for your life.

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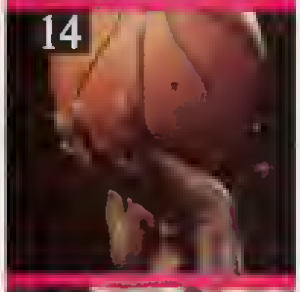
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Next week

THE STOCKS MARKET is going to be up when the good old boys—and some good new boys—get together in Florida for the world's richest stock-car race, the Daytona 500.

GALLERY OF DISASTER: a look at some of the great golfers' lousy shots. Gwil Brown and Artist Frank Golden show how the pros would replay them, given one more chance.

BEST IN THE WORLD is Frank Deford's prediction for Stan Smith, a tennis star who is reverent, kind, courteous, brave and has now corrected the flaws in his forehand.

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Big News at Daytona... GOODYEAR RADIAL TIRES WIN FIRST TIME OUT!



Dave Heinz and Bob Johnson pilot Corvette No. 57 to a smashing victory in the over 2.5 litre Group IV GT Class.

In a gruelling contest that saw radials out front at the 6 hour Daytona Continental, Goodyear's new racing radial tires took the flag in the over 2.5 litre Group IV GT Class. Driving a punishing 163 laps, the Corvette completed 621.03 miles in 6 hrs. 1 min.—averaging 103.21 mph.

The Goodyear tires were the only radials to finish the race—and the first time radials had ever been on a winning car in a major class. This was a satisfying victory for Goodyear, a victory that brought to an end the notion that the making of radial tires is exclusive to foreign manufacturers.

Actually, Goodyear has had 13 years of experience in building radial tires. This experience counted heavily in developing the Blue Streak Sports Car Special radials that carried Heinz and Johnson to victory at Daytona.

Every Goodyear tire is made for a specific purpose. Goodyear tire engineers believe that a tire designed for the speed and torture of a racing track is totally unsuited for the road. And a road tire, designed for legal highway driving, would not, and could not, perform successfully on the track.

It is this principle of specific design that accounts primarily for the fact that, on both the track and the road, winners go Goodyear.



GOODYEAR


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I Wonder What She'll Think About Me Leaving
13504
The Beach Boys
Surf's Up
13793
LED ZEPPELIN II
03692
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
LOVE STORY
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IRON BUTTERFLY
In-A-Gadda Da-Vida
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THE BEST OF CHARLEY PRIDE
12038
THE BEST OF BILL COSBY
12019
NATURALLY
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Every Good Boy Deserves Favour
13611
The Best of HENRY Mancini
MOON RIVER
DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES
RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD
00222
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DEAN MARTIN'S GREATEST HITS! VOL. 1
Everybody Loves Somebody
03313
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MASTER OF REALITY
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Mud Slide Slim And The Blue Horizon
04370
TWIN SETS
Each has double the music — but counts as one selection!
TWIN SET
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
04204
TWIN SET
FRANK SINATRA
A MAN AND HIS MUSIC
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Now!
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Carole King
Writer
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Summertime
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Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
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10154

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

POOR AUSTRIA

Some reports said 100,000 people turned out in Vienna to welcome Karl Schranz home. Others held that it was only 40,000. But all agreed it was the biggest Austrian mob scene since Adolf Hitler dropped by in March 1938. Alpine skier Schranz, thrown out of the Winter Olympics by Avery Brundage and the International Olympic Committee for alleged professionalism, had suddenly become a bigger hero than if he had come home with three gold medals. The outburst apparently was not so much love for the popular "Karly," who had competed in three previous Winter Games without taking a gold, as it was a sudden flowering of national hatred—for Brundage, for the U.S., for anyone who was not 100% outraged by the ouster. Even Schranz, who had been taken in tow by alert politicians, was startled by the roaring crowd when he appeared on the balcony of the Austrian Chancellery. "But I haven't won anything," he kept muttering.

The mass hysteria had been fanned all week in the press and on radio and TV, so much so that when someone wondered why Gerd Bacher, head of Austria's state-owned radio-television, was standing with Schranz on the balcony, a cynical journalist replied, "Why not? After all, he's the producer."

The next morning Austrians generally seemed chagrined and even a bit frightened by the emotional display, and the press, making a neat 180° turn, sternly admonished the people for such flagrant displays of aggression.

PREPLANNING

When the ABA holds its five-round draft of college players this Monday, each team will be allowed to select one underclassman (SCORECARD, Feb. 14). A well-known ABA official, who insists on anonymity, says that any underclassmen picked in the draft will already have been approached by the drafting team, usually through an agent, and will have signed or promised to sign a contract. Having an agent makes a player ineligible for college competition. Can't the NCAA enforce that rule?

"No," says the ABA man. "Last year they only cracked down on Howard Porter, but almost all the other players had been in touch with the pros before their seasons were over.

"We're simply not going to waste a draft pick on a kid who doesn't want to turn pro now. If you see a kid's name mentioned, you can be pretty sure his agent has talked contract with the pros."

THE SIGN OF CASEY

Retired and in his 80s, Casey Stengel still dominates baseball conversations, even when he is not there. The other day oldtimer Frank Skaff was talking about the hit and take signs Casey had back in the days when he managed the Brooklyn Dodgers. Casey was sore because his players kept missing the signs, and Skaff had to get up at a team meeting and recite them. They went like this:

"If I'm looking at you, you're hitting.

"If I'm walking away from you and spitting, you're hitting.

"If I'm looking at you and spitting, you're *not* hitting.

"If I'm walking away and not spitting, you're *not* hitting."

All clear?

RED MAN SEES RED

The recent move by American Indian groups to persuade professional and college teams to abandon Indian nicknames and symbols on the grounds that they are racially offensive has struck some observers as overreaction. Old familiar Wild West terms like braves, tomahawk, scalp, warpath and the like seem totally inoffensive. What are the Indians getting uptight about?

A letter recently printed in *The Sporting News* may help to explain. The writer, part Indian himself, said, "[Your writers] suggest that all Indians should feel a sense of pride and honor for being chosen team symbols by the great white owners of sports. They should be proud of being ranked alongside wild animals such as the lion, tiger and bear and birds of prey like the eagle and hawk. Not to mention being listed among such great Indian lovers as the Patriots, 76ers, Yankees, Colonels and Cowboys. . . . They speak of America's respect for the Indian's courage, integrity and heritage. They must be kidding! The only reason teams began using Indians as team caricatures is because, to America, the Indian is symbolic of savagery, scalping, burning and looting."

CLOCKS AND ZONES

After having his team use a tedious slowdown only to lose to Brigham Young 57–53 in double overtime, Coach Don Haskins of Texas El Paso came out in favor of college basketball adopting a 30-second clock similar to that used by the pros, whereby a team has to get off a shot within 30 seconds or give up the ball. Haskins said, "I go along with the professionals: install a shot clock and do away with zone defenses. I think we should get over the idea that it is shameful to ape the pros. We should do what we think is best for the future of college ball. Against BYU we had no choice but to employ a deliberate offense. It was our sole chance to win. If they had played man-to-man, we wouldn't have sat on the ball. But they were in a zone except for the last few minutes. You can't condemn a slowdown offense without condemning the zone defense, too."

CRITICAL COMMENT

A movie theater in Los Angeles that was showing a closed-circuit telecast of the Lakers-Bucks game earlier this month had the following billing on its marquee: SEE THE BUCKS-LAKERS FRIDAY FEB. 4, THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT.

CHRIS EVERT AGAIN

When 17-year-old Chris Evert beat Billie Jean King last week in a tournament in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., it was less a tennis match than a happening. Chris lives in Fort Lauderdale, and before the match kids from her high school followed her 10-year-old brother John in a snake dance around the court. They carried posters praising their heroine while nuns from the school, St. Thomas Aquinas,

continued

It's only natural.



1972 TORONADO. THERE'S NOTHING COMMON ABOUT IT.



One of its luxuries has nothing at all to do with luxury.

It is Toronado's extraordinary front drive. Basically, it's an engineering concept; its advantages are those of elementary physics.

Nevertheless, owners tell us the kind of driving that results is indeed a luxury—a very significant one.

What front drive does is deliver the power to the front wheels, where the weight is greatest. This gives Toronado superb traction and directional stability, because the car is pulled along straightaways and through curves, instead of being pushed along.

For all its distinctive looks and uncommon traits, we have not ignored the common denominator of safety. A long list of GM safety features is standard, including a double-panel steel roof and steel side-guard beams in the doors.

If you hold uncommonly high standards for the luxury car you drive, perhaps it's time to investigate the one that offers front drive: Toronado. There's nothing common about it.

OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

wore tags that read WE LOVE YOU, CHRIS. Spectators, most of them rooting for Miss Evert, filled the 3,300 seats of the arena 45 minutes before the match and spilled over onto the roof of a nearby apartment building.

Mrs. King had her supporters, too. The other professionals (the match was the finals of the $25,000 Tennis Club Women's International, a stop on the Virginia Slims tournament circuit) wanted her to win, and the Palm Aire Tennis Club in nearby Pompano Beach, which Mrs. King represents on the tour, sent an airplane over the arena with a banner reading BILLIE JEAN, WE LOVE YOU. SORRY WE DON'T HAVE A BAND.

The untennislike atmosphere was part of a "planned spontaneous demonstration," according to the promotion-minded Mrs. King. "Tennis needs more pageantry," she said after the match. "The only thing that bothered me was the umpire telling the crowd to be quiet."

The last time the two met was in the U.S. Open last September, on the grass at Forest Hills, when the No. 1-ranked Mrs. King broke the youngster's 46-match winning streak. This time Mrs. King was under par physically, and on the artificial turf she was obliterated 6–1, 6–0. "It was the worst defeat I've suffered since I was 11 and still serving underhand," Mrs. King said. She had planned to unnerve Chris with chops, slices and spins. "But I couldn't," she said. "When your timing is off, forget it." Miss Evert was more succinct. "I played real well," she explained, "and Billie Jean didn't play real well."

Even so, the professional Mrs. King won a second-place check for $3,000 and a diamond necklace. Chris, the amateur, received a kiss and some roses.

QUICK STEP

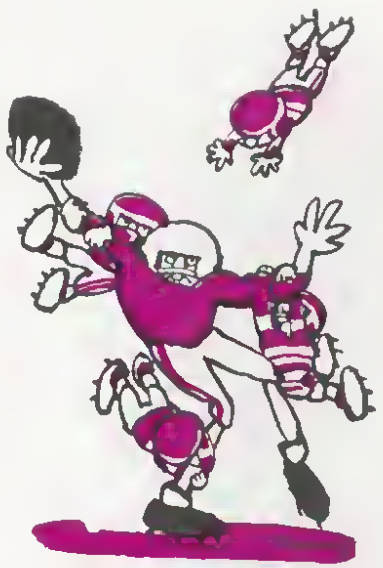
This may or may not be a comment on the inexorable way a bureaucracy grows, but it is interesting to note that whereas the National Football League took two tedious days to conduct its draft of college football players, the Canadian Football League last week ran off its draft in exactly 57 minutes.

ESOTERIC

Of course, the pro football bureaucrats do achieve a rather precise knowledge of college players whom no one except their mothers have ever heard of. Evidence of this is to be found in a study of players drafted from the Western Athletic Conference. Headlines did not matter. Texas El Paso, which finished last in the conference with a 1-6 record, had seven players chosen in the draft, two more than league champion Arizona State. And New Mexico, which finished second, had no players drafted at all. The pros must know something.

THURBER TO VEECK TO KELLEY

The Baltimore Colts, smarting from their failure to reach the Super Bowl this year, have been given some deadpan advice from a Colt fan named Mark Alan Kelley. His letter to the Baltimore front office says, "I have decided to help the Colts win the Super Bowl next year by using a new type of offense. This offense I have invented is called the 'M. Alan Kelley Midget Offense.' Next year you should recruit two or three very small but well-built midgets and one large man of the greatest possible strength. The offense consists simply of



giving the ball to the midgets and having the big, strong man throw the midget with the ball as far downfield as possible. I believe with sufficient padding and training on how to land, that the midget could avoid injury. This offense should be good for five yards any time it is run. You need not worry about someone intercepting the midget because it would be forward progress where they catch him.

"You could also devastate the rest of the AFC with the 'M. Alan Kelley Midget Defense.' In this defense you have each of the three linebackers throw a midget at the opposing quarterback as soon as he receives the snap. If the initial impact didn't knock the quarterback down, the midgets could hold on to his arms until he could be tackled. It would be very difficult to pass or hand the ball off with midgets hanging all over you.

"I will be starting college next year, so any compensation for this original idea would be very welcome. I think $15,000 would be a fair price for a Super Bowl championship. All the way in '73!"

HOMER

Basketball star Henry Bibby has known nothing but national championships at UCLA. This year he is the only senior on another unbeaten and top-ranked team. Even so, he admitted recently that he would have been happier if he had stayed home in North Carolina and gone to little Guilford College instead. "I'm not knocking Coach John Wooden or the program," he said. "They've been great. But if I had known the trauma and the frightening experiences I would undergo in my first year and a half at UCLA I would never have gone."

Bibby said he was "scared stiff" by a campus whose student enrollment is seven times greater than the population of Franklinton, N.C., his hometown. "Back home all you did was play ball and kiss your girl. I was more of a small-town boy than I realized."

Bibby, a 6′ 1″ sharpshooting guard, said yes, he'd like to play professional basketball. But not in Los Angeles, New York or Chicago. He'd prefer to play back home, for the Carolina Cougars.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Knight, Indiana basketball coach, on refusing to shake hands with controversial Bill Musselman of Minnesota after Indiana's 61–42 win last week: "My feeling dates from our earlier game this season with Minnesota. It's because of certain discourteous incidents."
- John Brodie, San Francisco 49er quarterback: "There is no truth to the rumor that I tried to shoot myself after the Dallas game and the bullet was intercepted."
- Babe McCarthy, Memphis Pros basketball coach, objecting to an official's call: "If that was a foul, I hope the Lord strikes me down right here on the spot. . . . See, I told you." **END**

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 21, 1972

THE GO-GO GIRLS OF SAPPORO

A trio of young Americans earned a gold medal each to ornament the best U.S. Winter Olympics effort in years. The men? A rare silver in hockey

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

Three American beauty roses bloomed in the snowbanks of Hokkaido last week, some 11,000 miles from home. One was a ski racer from a farmhouse on the Winooski River in Vermont and two were speed skaters from the wealthy and now-renowned Chicago suburb of Northbrook. Altogether they won three gold medals, a silver and a bronze, and they made the final week of the XI Winter Olympiad a rare and unforgettable one for the United States. As usual, the Japanese had just the proper words to describe the girls: *hakugin ni saita hana*, which means "flower blossoms of the silvery snows," and *subarashii*, which means "beautiful and perfect."

Perhaps the most surprising blossom in the bouquet was Barbara Ann Cochran, 21, a gentle little blonde tiger, one of four children coached to world-class ski status by their exacting father, Gordon (Mickey) Cochran. Bursting out of a dense cloud bank that lay across the top of the course and running into a swirling snowstorm at the bottom, Barbara won the slalom on a steep and treacherous course at Mount Teine above the flats of Sapporo. And in beating the world she became the first American woman to win a skiing gold medal since Andrea Mead Lawrence won two of them 20 long years ago.

Though Barbara was considered a possible medalist, no one seriously thought her capable of stealing the gold from a strong field of French girls led by Michèle Jacot, Britt Lafforgue, Florence Steurer and newcomer Danièle Debernard. But after the first run Barbara was ahead of all the *jeunes filles*, although three of them were within a second of her lead time.

Then the weather thickened and Barbara slowly climbed the second course alone, intensely studying the snow at each gate. She was starting 15th this run, an important advantage because the piling new soft snow on the course would be packed by the time she pushed off. Shrouded in fog and snow at the top, she waited for her turn. "I tried not to think about my first run," she said, "but I didn't want to worry too much about the second. So I just decided that I would do my best, and even if I fell I would have that good first run to remember."

The weather was so soupy that Barbara could see only a few gates downcourse when she launched into her start. Ahead of her, Debernard and Steurer had the best times. Lafforgue had fallen near the end of a powerful run that looked worthy of gold. Barbara slashed down the hill past hundreds of snow-covered Japanese clustered cheerfully along the sides. When she sped through the finish gate and her time flashed instantly on the electronic scoreboard the crowd gazed blankly at the numbers for a moment. Then there was a mighty bellow. A small band of U.S. women racers scampered over and engulfed Barbara in a damp embrace. Her brother, Bobby, and her boyfriend, slalomist Rick Chaffee, vaulted a fence and hoisted her to their shoulders. She had won, and she had won by the blink of an eye—by two-hundredths of a second.

When Barbara finally broke free from the swarm of fans to telephone her parents on the Winooski, it was two a.m. in Vermont. Barbara told her mother, "Hi. It's me. I didn't think you'd mind." Her mother and dad had watched her victory on live television, and when Mickey Cochran saw his daughter win a gold medal he had observed, "Well, it was almost perfect. But she did run it a *little* wide on the gates."

The skating victories of the ladies of Northbrook—the determined Dianne Holum, 20, and the lighthearted Annie Henning, 16—were more predictable but no less satisfying. Dianne's first race was at 1,500 meters, a most demanding event because European speed skaters, particularly the Dutch, practice it incessantly as preparation for all other distances. Dianne was paired with the Russian world champion, Nina Statkevich, who was considered her major rival. But there also were the Dutch to face—and there were rumors that the Russians had bred a new mystery skater who would sweep everybody off the ice.

At the start Dianne jumped away and was a full stride into the race before Statkevich got off the line. In the stands a raucous contingent of middle-aged Joe Colleges from Northbrook waved a large red banner and shouted, "Holum, Holum, rah, rah, rah." Dianne's father was desperately nervous and moved away from the Northbrook rooters to stand alone in an aisle. Each time his daughter skated past him below, he bellowed, "Come on, baby, come, baby." Dianne came on, with a strong and intelligent race, pacing herself perfectly against a bit of breeze, and her time was 2:20.85, a new Olympic record. But would it stand up?

Satisfied, Dianne skated around the inner oval after she finished, her hands clasped over her head, a radiant smile on her face. And though the wind

continued

Dashing Barbara Cochran crowds a slalom gate en route to victory, than brushes cheeks with the silver medalist, Danièle Debernard.





Defiant U.S. hockeyman, here scoring on Russia, startled Sapporo by taking second place

SAPPORO 00-00 *continued*

dropped later, her time held good. The next three finishers were Dutch skaters, all of whom had to be a little chagrined since Dianne had done most of her training under a Dutch coach for the past two years. The Russian surprise entry proved to be nothing but a rumor and remained monumentally anonymous by finishing 14th.

Dianne's next event was the 1,000 meters, ordinarily her favorite, but by the time she skated the ice had turned to glue and she finished sixth—ahead of the Olympic mark but not good enough for a medal. Later she said, "I went into the race without any plan of how I would skate it." But when the 3,000-meter came up, she had a fine plan, indeed. She finished second, beaten only by the venerable Dutch housewife, Stien Baas-Kaiser, 34.

The achievements of Dianne Holum were exciting, even inspiring—and hers was the first gold medal ever won by an American woman in speed skating. Yet it was the sturdy blonde child-woman named Annie Henning who produced one of the remarkable athletic performances of the Games when she won her gold medal in the 500-meter sprint. Annie holds the world record in that event and she was the favorite to win, but she also was carrying a heavy load of pressure for a teen-ager. At dinner the night before the race she had been so nervous that she could hardly eat. She had spent the evening in her room at the Olympic Village, occasionally dipping into a jar of peanut butter on the coffee table, paging restlessly through all manner of reading matter ranging from U.S. Olympic Committee bulletins to a Korean picture book, then listening to music on tapes by the light of a single flickering candle. In the morning her mood had changed all over again. "I thought, 'Well, now it's all really starting,' and I didn't let myself think about anything except how I would skate the race."

Annie's coach, Ed Rudolph of Northbrook, had spent the night tossing and worrying about the pair partner that Annie had drawn—a Canadian named Sylvia Burka, who is blind in one eye and must race with her head cocked to one side to watch against a collision during the crossover from one lane to another. "I knew that if Annie had the inner lane at the start there would be no trouble," said Rudolph. "But if she was in the outer lane she would be skating so much faster than Burka that they just might reach the crossover at the same time."

Annie got the outer lane. She leaped off to a quick start and swept smoothly around the first turn, displaying an awesome power in her strokes and clearly pulling out in front of Burka. Then the two skaters came to the crucial crossover point and the crowd gasped in alarm. Though Annie had the right-of-way, the Canadian girl did not yield, and Annie had to rise up out of her racing crouch and drag one skate to slow herself enough to avoid a crash. She coasted for perhaps 10 meters and lost a full second, Rudolph estimated later, an enormous amount of time in an all-out sprint like the 500. She had every reason to quit.

But instead of going limp and coast-



Pert Dianne Holum skated to beat the Dutch.

ing the rest of the race, Annie immediately settled back down into her strong stride, rounded the last turn with ever-gaining power and flashed across the line in 43.73 seconds, a stunning time under the bizarre circumstances. "You know what?" said the delighted Annie. "I did just the right thing. This never happened to me before—ever. But in a split second I realized I could not get ahead of her. I knew I had to hold up and go behind her."

Later the judges ruled that Annie had been fouled and allowed her a second sprint, this time all alone after the others had finished. She shook her shoulders to loosen up, blasted away and beat her own winning time by four-tenths of a second. At the medal presentations after the race, Annie's mother burst into sobs as the abbreviated national anthem was played for her daughter, then said through her joyful tears, "Isn't she something? Two gold-medal times in one morning."

Annie also was favored to win the 1,000-meter race, but a 16-year-old girl should only be expected to do so much—and she scrambled her way into third for a bronze medal. She was elated—but exhausted—by her performances. In the stadium after the 1,000-meter race she sighed, then confided to a friend, "Oh, I've been so nervous. I'm just going home to Northbrook and go back to school. I'm not even going to enter the world championships. I might do a cruddy job and then everyone would say it was a fluke that I won an Olympic gold medal." She paused and added: "I just can't wait to be normal again. But, you know, I suppose people will never really let me be normal again, will they?"

All three of America's Olympic queens received wires from President Nixon. They were just a bit baffling. The cable addressed to Annie Henning said, "I wish you and Annie best of luck in the 500." And the one sent to Dianne congratulated her on winning the 500, a race she did not even enter.

Another bright spot for the U.S. emerged as the week ended when that callow gaggle of lads on the national hockey team came through with a silver-medal finish. Early in the Games the Americans had astonished Sapporo by walloping a very good team of Czechoslovakians 5–1. No one quite knew how this had come about, but everyone was impressed, particularly with U.S. Goalie Mike Curran of Green Bay, a peppery fighter who alternately cursed and coaxed his team into action—and who once broke his stick right across the back of an opponent. The afternoon after the Czech game the coach of the mighty Russian team spotted U.S. Coach Murray Williamson, ran over, threw himself on his knees in the snow and salaamed deeply. There was even talk that the United States might rise up later in the week and defeat the Soviets. But the night the two teams met proved to be the night that Peter played the Wolf. The Russians showed no mercy at all as they won 7–2 in their relentless march to the gold medal.

The last week of the Games was punctuated with highs and lows. Yukio Kasaya might well have repeated his 70-meter ski jump triumph on the 90-meter hill, which is his specialty. But he was buffeted by a gust of wind at the apex of his last leap, wobbled like a wounded duck and dropped down far short of the distance needed to defeat a Pole, Wojciech Fortuna. Out on the edge of town the tireless Russian woman cross-country racer Galina Kulakova won her third gold medal, as expected. The Russian figure skating pair, Irina Rodnina and Alexei Ulanov, was brilliant in predictable victory, as was the Czech, Ondrej Nepela, in the men's individual figure event. And the East Germans positively demolished the luge, winning eight of the nine medals.

In Alpine skiing, the XI Olympiad was a near total disaster for the once-magnificent French racing machine. Had it not been for Debernard's silver and Steurer's bronze, the French would have left Japan without a medal. They did not even place in the men's slalom, which was won by Francisco Fernandez Ochoa, a Spaniard, thus creating a new Olympic statistic in the surprise, surprise category. The Swiss performed with powerful consistency, winning six Alpine medals. They were led by the hearty Marie-Theres Nadig, who added the gold in the giant slalom to her earlier victory in the downhill. The Italian Gustav Thöni won the men's giant slalom with a cool and skillful pair of runs and then took a silver in the slalom.

Doubt may cloud the future of the Winter Olympics, but the Japanese can only swell with pride over the marvels they achieved. The Games of Sapporo, 1972, were truly *subarashii*. Beautiful and perfect. AND



Barbara Cochran placed a cell to Vermont.



Annie Henning won 500-meter medal twice.

GET DA SHOODAH, SAID FADDAH

The Milwaukee McGuires, 'fils' and 'père' Marquette, share that New York heritage and a team that has yet to suffer defeat, although at times it seemed that any little win was better than an all-out rout **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

When we last left the Marquette Warriors on their holy crusade through another undefeated regular season, Bob (Black Swan) Lackey was licking his wounded feathers from the South Carolina battle, Jim Chones was so busy sifting pro offers he nearly forgot how to play basketball, and Allie McGuire (*see cover*) was collapsing all over the place with every disease known to man except the heartbreak of psoriasis.

It has been that kind of year for Marquette. The team struggles to victory (five of their 19 straight wins have been by two or fewer points), the followers wonder why and, in the middle of it all, Allie McGuire, weak and pale from some mononucleosis here, a touch of hepatitis there, bears up. He is handsome, brave and reverent. The perfect model of Casabianca at the battle of the Nile about whom it was written:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled.
The flames rolled on; he would not go
Without his father's word.

More often than not, the word of his father and coach, Al, goes something like "Get da shoodah, Allie." Bellowed into the tense silence of the Milwaukee Arena, it is the older McGuire's way of harassing an opposing player about to take a free throw. Minnesota's Jim Brewer heard "Get da shoodah, Allie" at the top of his shot early this season and never reached the rim. Mostly, enemy shoodahs just flinch, laugh or miss conservatively.

In truth, Marquette opponents have not been missing often enough for the Warriors to take it easy. They have done so anyway—leaving their coach's boy to fight back the rolling flames alone. Against Marshall, Allie made two free throws with 17 seconds remaining to clinch a 74–72 win. Against Detroit he drove for a short jump shot with five sec-



Jim Chones, revived and unriveled after days of indifference, flies high over the Air Force.

onds to go, and Marquette won 68–66. And against South Carolina he made two foul shots with 1:15 left. His points held up for a 72–71 victory while Allie sat on the bench, faint, dizzy and crying from a mysterious hyperventilation problem that messes up his oxygen intake and forces him to breathe into a paper bag for relief. When Allie McGuire seals a Marquette game, it is always a "breathless" victory.

For a team that has been so used to winning so often—53 consecutive regular-season games, 69 straight in the Arena—the Warriors have gone along this year as if they hoped to lose a whole bunch and prove that their much-maligned schedule is no joke. Close inspection of their list of opponents, however, shows that the team has no apologizing to do. The Warriors have played six schools with a combined record of 91-26. Before the season ends, they will have met as many as nine teams that might play in postseason tournaments.

Still, statistics give the Warriors' bumbling, stumbling record away. In one stretch of several games they shot over 40% just once. They have been outrebounded and outshot six times and outhustled *more than that*. A bothersome inability to play as a team, to mesh, to concentrate and get down to business, has plagued them to the extent that doubters seriously question their capacity to challenge UCLA.

Recently, in fact, Marquette put six miserable games together before breaking out of the slump with a decisive victory at DePaul, where young McGuire scored 20 points. Then last week the team savaged Xavier 89–59 and Air Force 79–56 to get it back together.

There were several reasons for the temporary demise. After the South Carolina game, Marquette's imposing front line went soft on the offensive boards. Lackey, having sustained a three-stitch cut and a bruise over his eye (the Swan had a mouse), especially bore the wrath of his coach, who began calling him "Three Stitch." Chones, meanwhile, has grown restive in college over what he says is a "candy game."

"I have pride and ability," Chones said last week, "but I can't show it because of fouls. When I get bumped and bump back, I get childish calls. Are the refs watching me because of my name? I know I can beat anybody one-on-one, and block shots like nobody has blocked them. But I never get the chance. I can't take any more of this. All I want is out."

If this sounds suspiciously like Chones is fleeing from a burning deck, let it be known that the big man was never so dominant as last week when he had 46 points and 35 rebounds. But as their catalyst, as the man who cements them together and complements all their one-on-one stars, the Warriors look to the ailing McGuire.

When Allie reached the varsity last year the son was handed a starting position, contrary to the father's usual practice of making a man work for it. Consequently, Al the elder took much heat, and George (Sugar) Frazier, a player more talented than Allie in many respects, took a seat on the bench.

That first year the sensitivity of the familial thing weighed heavily on both parties. Al fretted over Allie. Allie, a highly nervous sort, worried about his role on the team, shot poorly (36%) and "tried to stay out of everybody's way and not cause problems." One senior gave him a particularly hard time; he wrote on the locker-room blackboard, "Number 12 [McGuire's number]—if you don't hustle, you'll be *in* the hospital," and later he picked a fight.

When Frazier complained to the coach about not starting, McGuire replied (with a line he has echoed at numerous speaking engagements), "Sugar, I love my son. For you to start, it has to be a clear knockout. A push goes to Allie."

This season, after another fine guard, Randy Wade, quit the team because he couldn't start in the face of McGuire's presence, Assistant Coach Hank Raymonds' son was added to the roster. That made Marquette basketball the brightest cradle of nepotism since Dino, Desi and Billy were foisted on the record-buying public. (When young Raymonds scored his first goal the other day, McGuire leaned over and said to his assistant, "Feels nice, doesn't it?")

Young McGuire's constant anemic condition put him in the hospital for eight days early in the season and has kept him below strength all year. But the father, who considered redshirting him, decided to play his son simply because he needed him.

"I think Allie has earned their respect, finally," McGuire says. "I'll take care of Sugar later and give him his identity. But Allie does things for us that nobody else can. He hits Chones better than the others, protects the backcourt, keeps continuity, plays good D and is an unbelievable foul-shooter. When the game is close at the end, my kid wants the ball. He didn't get that from me. I ran and hid from it."

McGuire also insists that, without Allie, his team would turn into a "solo, gang-ball operation"—an opinion that the black players do not share.

"We need Allie's shot," says Frazier. "But we're a good team anyway. Without him, we wouldn't go to pot. When he's in there, the brothers want to see Allie do it just as much as anybody. There's no hostility. Sometimes, though, it hurts to sit. It would be less touchy if he wasn't the coach's son. But Allie is not a snotty person; he makes it easier. Coach says he takes care of his seniors. I hope he remembers me next year."

For his own part, young McGuire is much more easygoing and self-assured than in the past. "I couldn't have gone through another season like last year," he says. "My illness, then, would have torn me apart. Now I don't take the game so seriously. There's no doubt in my mind I help this team and should start. The brothers are really tight, but I think I satisfy them. I was the only white guy on the court in the Detroit game. No problems."

The McGuires, young and old, sometimes seem to flaunt their situation. Allie lives more at home than in the dorm. He rides to school with his father, calls him "Dad," never "Coach," and seldom joins in locker-room criticism of practice sessions and coaching technique.

"If I ran a mill, I wouldn't start my kid sweeping sawdust," says Al. "But it hasn't been a picnic for him. It's difficult to be so close at our ages, but my biggest thrill is just watching it all unfold: the pride and respect he gets from the players; the fact that he didn't become just a follower."

On one occasion, following the Notre Dame game at South Bend, the son even sang for his father. Guys with the hot dogs and cookies and sharp objects were waiting for Al, ready to bomb him from above the runway. Allie, who had gone off first, sent a message back: "Tell Dad they're throwing stuff; watch out."

"Can you imagine that?" said the father. "What a moral guy. What consideration. What marvelous thoughtfulness." **END**

A RARE WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

The Irish do not often beat England at Twickenham, but they did last week and almost everybody was happy. When Mika Flynn made his goal, he was damonstrating what sports can offer that politics cannot **by DAN LEVIN**

In Dublin the British Embassy had burned, in Derry the graves were fresh, and both sides were right and both sides were wrong—and now Ireland was losing again. Only this was across the Irish Sea on a foreign field, at Twickenham, and what Wimbledon is to tennis Twickenham is to rugby.

The game had been close from the start, but now time was running out on Ireland. Then suddenly, with only seconds left, Dublin's Michael Kevin Flynn came bursting through the dusk. There had been a scrum, and some had even thought the game might be over, but not Flynn or those who defended against him. He had the ball, and there he was slicing through the defense of two centers and 15 yards beyond to the goal. The ball was touched down, blessedly (for Ireland) too late for a response this year from England. The game was over, Ireland had won and the chanting grew. "Ireland . . . IREland . . . IRELAND . . . IRELAND. . . ." On and on. It was only Ireland's sixth win at Twickenham in 62 years, its first since 1964.

Some 65,000 rugby enthusiasts had crushed into Twickenham last Saturday for the anoual renewal of what has become one of the sports world's fine rivalries, this year made more emotional by events which neither team would discuss. Maybe 10% of those present were Irish, which is why the scene that followed appeared so strange. Everything seemed green: the grass, of course, and the frantic crowd that muddied it and swarmed on it with pennants and pins and ties and blazers, so many of them green, too. A little man in a green hat stood looking at the sky and screaming, hands over his ears against the din: "Oh, my God, oh, my God, oh, my God, oh, my God." The air smelled as if a brewery had exploded and later, at the Hope Tavern in nearby Richmond, an old man recalled something Eamon de Valera once said. At least, he said he did. "When Ireland beats England, that's the one thing that unites us."

The victory seemed to have united everyone. Out back, a Dublin man had his arm around a Londoner. "Mate," he said, "rugby is above politics. We don't care about the Irish Republican Army. We just want to watch our game." They drank to this and it was sincere, but like so many others in London they were probably relieved. The match had gone off with hardly an incident despite events and pressures that might have canceled or disrupted games elsewhere in other sports. Bernadette Devlin, scarcely a rabid rugby fan, was rumored to be coming to the game. And in London's Fleet Street, bomb scares emptied two newspaper offices. The IRA was implicated and the Irish papers seethed with controversy. Play the game, one group of letter writers insisted, pointing out that the Irish rugby team was a symbol of needed unity, representing all 32 of Ireland's counties, both Catholic and Protestant, and that this was true of no other major Irish sport. But a typical dissenter wrote: "The . . . match . . . should it proceed . . . will do so against the background of the Derry murders, for . . . which . . . the British government . . . has expressed no sympathy."

As the game approached, a London fan said, "Anyone who isn't completely confused by that business is not fully informed. It's beneath our sort of intelligence to muck about in the slough of political diatribe." The pubs were full of such talk, although not always on such a high-flown plane. But at the Turk's Head in London's West End, on the eve of the game, there was a discordant voice along with the songs. "Why'd you shoot us up, ya bahstards? Fifty-six of our soldiers have been killed and only 13 Irishmen in bloody Derry, but *you'll* never understand. Rugby is a middle-class game—you're not involved in the class struggle."

"Stay away from him," somebody said. "He's not a rugby man." But all there admitted the dissenter's "class" charge. There was no derision in their tone or talk of status, it was simply that different economic or social classes were wedded to different interests. "Rugby," an expensively dressed man with a cauliflower ear said, "is a hooligans' game played by gentlemen," pronouncing every syllable of the old saw as though it were freshly minted.

Among the hooligans present were 95 rugby freaks from the United States who had chartered an Irish International plane in New York and flown to London for the weekend. The plane had an open bar, and within an hour everyone was feeling fine. Someone suggested a rugby game in the narrow aisle, but no one had thought to bring a ball, so they amused themselves by listening to the pilot's announcements. "The temperature outside is blfssbpp" or, "We are now flying ovtktkssst." They hadn't expected too much for their $140 roundtrip fare, and anyway it was a pilgrimage and worth a few sacrifices. The plane stopped for an hour at Shannon Airport, and suddenly everyone was Irish. It was that kind of weekend. "Isn't it luvly," one Italian with a glass in each hand kept saying, looking out at the green and fog, while another new Irishman hawked, "Turfs of the ould sod."

The weekend's climax, of course, was Twickenham. Everyone had been lectured on its holy past, how Alexander Pope lay buried nearby and how once it was called Billy Williams' cabbage



Down went the Englishmen, along came the Irishman, and in a second the ball was sent flying upfield in the clean but ruggedly fought game.

patch. And when the tired Americans finally reached it, they found that there was a certain aura about the place. The stadium looked as if someone had split the world's largest tin warehouse lengthwise and stuck in twice as many seats as it could hold. The cabbage patch would have been more comfortable, but before anyone's feet fell asleep in the numbing cold the game had begun.

After about 10 seconds of play, a dozen people ran onto the pitch. One young fellow with bright red hair seemed to be arguing with Ireland's Mike Gibson, a Protestant from Ulster, who ignored him. So the carrot top turned toward the stands and started gesturing with his arm. He seemed to want the other 65,000 odd to join him in his disruption, but the bobbies got him and his friends off, and that was all the trouble there was for the largest security force ever to work Twickenham.

A hard wind did nothing for the quality of play. It was a kicking game. Most of the English points came on kicks, and for all the hard banging about by the players—a few were laid out flat in the clean but rough in-fighting—the overall impression was one of the ball flying through the breezes, into the stands, up the field, intentionally offside or onside far, far upfield. It was, even the most enthusiastic of the American fans was willing to admit, pretty dull until the moment that Michael Kevin Flynn got away for his last-minute try which, with the ensuing kick, made it 16–12 Ireland and green all over.

Later a cabbie taking a group of the Americans for another round of pubbing, talked about the game. "That last minute must have been the most exciting moment in rugby history," he said. "Rex Ulster [the BBC announcer] almost went berserk, and then the crowd rose up and smothered his voice."

That evening there was a black-tie dinner at the London Hilton. Both of the teams were there, and about everyone else connected with English and Irish rugby. There was no mention of politics, but one of the speakers said, "Today's game is a great indication of what sport has to offer the world, that our friendship can break any barriers. Any fellow who goes through life without experiencing the comradeship that sport can offer is a poor man indeed."

And across town in a pub a London Irishman was saying, "You take the kicks on the field, you sling a punch and get one back—you break your nose or your leg—you get your shoulder out or maybe get concussed, but it's all a part of a rugby man's life. You could almost kill the fellow next to you and he'd be the first to buy you a drink afterward."

"Yes," an Englishman said. "Too bad politics can't be played the same way." **END**



MINSON AND HILLER ARE TWO TO WATCH

Or maybe Hinson and Miller. Nobody is sure who is which when these bright young pros come down the fairway ***by WALTER BINGHAM***

Merely by chance, Larry Hinson and John Miller have never been paired in a golf tournament, thus sparing galleries the illusion that they are seeing double. Then again, perhaps it would simplify matters if the two were ordered to play together, always, so that everyone could at least be certain of one thing: that this was Hinson and Miller coming down the fairway—although not necessarily in that order.

The problem is that each looks remarkably like the other, especially when one of them is, say, standing on a tee and you are some 250 yards away. Both are young, Hinson 27, Miller 24. They are about 6′ 2″, as lean as a pair of one-irons and have golden blond hair kept stylishly long, at least by golf's standards. Both respond to gallery applause with animated smiles and waves of the hand. Neither smokes. Both are natural lefthanders, although they play golf right-handed. And both have a flair for bright golf clothes. If one of them dressed like a Frank Beard—black slacks, white shirt, gray cardigan, Amana cap—the identity problem would be solved. But both show up at the course in striped or checkered slacks and richly colored solid shirts. And as for a hat—you must be crazy. Take a poll to determine the tour's top dressers and both Hinson and Miller would be near the top. Although not necessarily in that order.

Larry Hinson and John Miller are quite accustomed to being confused with one another. At the Crosby last month, Cary Middlecoff discussed the similarity while NBC offered a split-screen shot of the two, who were playing just a couple of holes apart. "I can't tell them apart," said Middlecoff. "They're like twins."

"People will walk up to me on the practice putting green and start discussing a possible business deal," says Miller. "I'll listen, get sort of interested and then I'll realize they think they're talking to Larry. It can get embarrassing. One time a guy I've known since I was 12 came up and called me Larry. Unbelievable!"

On Hinson's part, he was flying to a tournament shortly after the Masters, which Miller almost won and which gave him close to two hours of exposure on national television. A passenger came down the aisle of the plane, saw Hinson and said: "I want you to know I was really rooting for you out there."

"I just told him I was, too," says Hinson. "Most of the time it's easier to go along with it and pretend I am John."

There is one last thing both young golfers have in common—promise. Hinson is in his fourth full year on the tour, Miller his third, and both have experienced a fair amount of glory. Hinson earned $120,897 in 1970, Miller $91,081 last year. Each has won one tournament and come close in several others. While it is the consensus of most pros that Miller has the more solid swing—"The best on the tour," Jack Nicklaus has said—they speak highly of Hinson's determination and it would surprise no one to see either win any tournament, the major ones included, at any time.

Listen to the two of them talk and you will have no trouble in telling them apart. Hinson is the one with the Southern accent, having been raised in Douglas, Ga., a town of some 10,000. He is a friendly-looking person with sharply chiseled features and a wide mouth. Unlike many touring pros, he is cordial, even interested when strangers approach him during a tournament. He will say grace before dinner, not a short memorized chant, but one obviously designed for the occasion. When his wife Marion and his two young daughters join him on the tour, the little girls amuse themselves in the evening by using their father's enormous golf bag as a horse.

Occasionally a TV commentator will mention Hinson's courage. He is referring, however obliquely, to polio. Larry contracted the disease as a 5-year-old and it left him with a paralyzed left arm. "I couldn't understand why," he says. "I thought, 'it's mine, why can't I move it?'" For a year and a half he tried to use his arm without success. Then one day in school he was chasing a girl in a game of tag when he tripped. As he fell, instinct took control and he moved his paralyzed arm to break the fall. The arm, shriveled and atrophied from disuse, broke, the first of three breaks he was to suffer in the next year and a half. But at least he could move the arm again. As a result of the breaks, plus one missetting, Hinson has lost much of the normal arm rotation between his wrist and elbow. It is typical of him to view this limitation optimistically. "I'm lucky in a way," he says. "I can't turn my arm over, so there's no way I can duck hook the ball."

The polio also cost Hinson the muscle in the area at the base of his left thumb. On cold mornings, when he has an early tee-off time, the thumb tends to curl up, so that to assume a proper grip he must flatten it out against the handle of the club. "I could straighten it out with my other hand," he says, "but people would notice it and I don't want it to seem like I'm looking for sympathy, you know?"

In spite of his withered arm, Hinson played most sports in school. "I was determined not to let the arm keep me from being a normal boy," he says. "It took a while to convince my parents of that, but I never doubted it." At Coffee County High School, Hinson played

continued

FURTHER CONFUSING the issue, Larry Hinson (*left*) and John Miller (*right*, really) both dress with flair in bright and mod colors

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEEDY & LONG

basketball, high-jumped and ran on the 440-yard relay team. He even tried football in his senior year but never golf until he was 15. Then, in exchange for caddying at the Douglas Golf and Country Club, Larry received lessons from the local pro, T. C. Laughter. Within a year Hinson was shooting in the 70s and entering local tournaments. In 1967, representing East Tennessee State on a golf scholarship, he won the NCAA college-division championship and a year later turned professional.

Hinson graduated from the PGA rookie school in Florida in the spring of 1968 and went out on the tour, starting with the New Orleans Open. He didn't win the tournament then; he did the next year, beating Frank Beard on the third hole of a sudden-death playoff. Hinson earned $20,000 for his first tour victory and finished the year with $54,267. By the end of the next year he more than doubled that amount, winding up eighth on the money list.

Last year was a disappointment. Through May Hinson had earned only $25,000 and his best finish was a tie for 10th at the Byron Nelson Classic. For several hours during the first round of the U.S. Open at Merion, however, he looked as if he might make a joke of that fine old course. After 13 holes he was 5 under par, headed for a 65, but he finished bogey, bogey, bogey, double bogey, bogey for a 71. "I was so humiliated I just sort of slunk off the course," Hinson says.

Shortly after the Open, he was lifting weights to strengthen his left arm—something he has always worked at—when the bar slipped backward. Instead of allowing the bar to crash, Hinson attempted to regain control and in the process ripped some muscles in his shoulder. He tried to stay on the tour, but when he missed the cut at the Westchester Classic—where he had tied for second the year before—he had to take six weeks off. He reappeared at the Robinson Open in September, finished third and then rested for most of the fall. Now the shoulder is fully healed and, optimistic as always, he looks forward to a big year.

That is, assuming he does not pile up again in his airplane. It seems Arnold Palmer is not the tour's only Red Baron. Hinson owns a Beechcraft Bonanza and has already cracked up once trying to learn to land it in a crosswind. He also had a scare when flying with his wife from Johnson City, Tenn. to his home in Douglas last year. The weather turned ugly, the radio failed to work and, well, "Marion was breathing sort of hard by the time we found the airport," says Hinson.

Unlike Hinson, John Miller has played golf nearly all his life. When he was five, his father set up a canvas in the cellar of the Miller home in San Francisco and John would spent hours slamming golf balls into it. He was one of four children. Ronald, his older brother, drowned when he was 16, a tragedy that still affects John deeply. Miller is not as outwardly amiable as Hinson. When he is concentrating, his appearance can be severe, unapproachable, but this is a guise. He is not only genuinely friendly, he is inquisitive and asks as many questions as he is asked. Unlike Hinson, he travels the tour with his family—wife Linda and their infant son.

It was not until he was seven that Miller was allowed on a course. The Millers are Mormon and a fellow member of their church was John Geertsen, then head pro at the San Francisco Golf Club, one of the best courses in the area. John's father arranged for his son to take lessons from Geertsen and he is still the only coach Miller has ever had. "Bill Casper has taught me a lot about the mental approach to the game," Miller says, "but he has never made one suggestion about how I should swing."

It was apparent from the start that Miller was some sort of golfing prodigy. He played most of his early rounds at Harding Park in San Francisco, a spawning ground for future pros. Ken Venturi got his education there, although he was years ahead of Miller. So was Tony Lema. But when Miller was a boy, it was not unusual to have Bob Lunn, George Archer, Dick and John Lotz and Ron Cerrudo all playing there.

Miller used to pick up spending money on the putting green at Harding Park by playing a game called nickel, dime, quarter. Any number could play, the more the better as far as Miller was concerned. Low total for the first three holes picked up 5¢ from the rest. The next three holes were worth 10¢, the last three, 25¢. It was a good training school for pressure putting in later years, sinking a seven-footer for 25¢ ranking somewhere just short of winning the Masters to a 12-year-old.

"Boy, I could really putt then," Miller says. "There was nothing I couldn't make."

"Is it conceivable," he was asked recently, "that you were a better putter at 12 than you are now?"

"Are you kidding?" he replied. "Of course I was. At 12 you haven't got a nerve in your body." Even so, Miller is regarded as one of the game's better putters today.

When Miller was 14, Leon Gregoire, the father of a friend, arranged for him to play at the Olympic Country Club. His family could not afford membership but the club, recognizing the boy's ability, gave him the freedom of the course. It is a practice many leading golf clubs now follow. Miller obviously had the game of a budding professional, but there was the question of whether he would ever be big enough. At 15 he was only 5′ 2″ and 110 pounds, barely heavier than his golf bag. But within the next two years he sprouted 10 inches, thanks to a program of exercise.

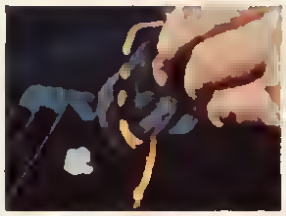
In 1966, when Miller was only 19, the U.S. Open was held at Olympic. As a hedge against failing to qualify, Miller signed up as a caddie, which seemed a prudent idea since he was attending Brigham Young on a golf scholarship and would have to qualify in the Salt Lake City area against 16 local professionals. He needn't have bothered. If you saw the television coverage of that Open—the one Palmer had wrapped up by seven strokes until he gave it away to Casper—you may remember the blond-haired youth who was paired with Nicklaus in the third round. Miller shot 70-72-74-74—290 to finish, remarkably, in a tie for eighth, low amateur by three strokes.

Miller left Brigham Young in 1968 to turn pro. He went through the PGA school a year after Hinson, and in 1970, his first full year on the tour, he won $52,391. Last year he won his first tournament, the Southern Open, finished tied for fifth in the U.S. Open and was responsible for making the final round of the Masters one of the most exciting in the history of the tournament.

It was only Miller's second Masters and not much was expected of him, particularly after his opening rounds of 72 and 73. Even a third-round 68 left him four shots off the lead, behind Charles Coody and Nicklaus as well. A John Miller does not figure to pick up four strokes on Jack Nicklaus in the fourth round at Augusta.

continued

Cartier trusted the cleaving of a diamond now worth $125,000 to the ride that's steady as a rock. 1972 Mercury.



July 7, 1971. In an actual demonstration for a TV commercial, a rough diamond worth $50,000 put Mercury's ride to a critical test.



Mr. Josef Briffel of Cartier's, New York, is about to cleave the gem in the rear seat of a moving Mercury. Will the ride be steady enough?



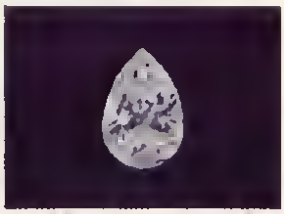
We chose a rugged test site: Dyckman Street, where the road is rough, uneven. Our speed at the critical moment: 35 mph.



At 1:51 P.M., the mallet strikes. Hit precisely, the diamond could more than double in value. The slightest mistake and it's worthless powder.



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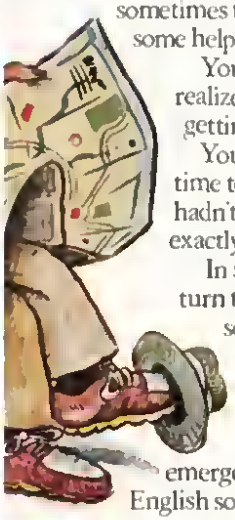
And if you'd like to make the best $5.00 travel buy you've ever made we suggest you pick up a copy of the Pan Am world travel guide at your bookstore or Pan Am office. It's called "New Horizons World Guide" and it contains information about every major city in the world ranging from the most famous sights to the best restaurants to the availability of American cigarettes.

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We don't believe an airline should say goodbye at an airport. Because while you're on vacation sometimes things crop up that you could use some help with



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You might find you have some extra time to take some side trips you hadn't planned on but don't know exactly which side trips to take.

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We even have a "post office" system for Pan Am passengers where you can pick up your mail. Or have it forwarded. The people in our offices know the area and can give you hints about that interesting little side trip or a little restaurant that's terrific but which hasn't made it into the guidebooks yet.

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You're flying on the airline that helped develop and introduce virtually every major aircraft ever used in commercial service. Including the 747.

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Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug.'71.

And yet Miller should have won. He played the front nine in 33, putting him one stroke behind the leaders, then birdied the 11th, 12th and 14th to take a two-stroke lead. Thousands who had come out to watch the duel between Coody and Nicklaus were now solidly behind the golden-haired kid in the striped pants and lime shirt.

It was at the 15th that Miller began to think about winning. "And that's when I started to lose my concentration. Up till then I had pretended it was just a practice round, but I began to think about what I'd say when they put the green jacket on me and how my dad would feel. It brought tears to my eyes."

Miller decided if he could birdie the 15th, giving him a three-stroke lead, no one could catch him, so, showing the same spirit that made Palmer famous, he whipped out a three-wood for his second shot and tried for the green. His shot carried the pond but caught the trap on the right. From there he was unable to get down in two and had to settle for a par 5. On the 16th he gambled again, going directly for the pin on the par-3 hole instead of for the center of the green. The ball kicked into a trap and Miller took a bogey. At 18 he bogeyed again, winding up tied for second with Nicklaus, two strokes behind Coody. "Even so, I'm happy with what I did there," he says now. "People have said to me, 'You must have nightmares about it.' No way. I just look forward to playing there this year. I think I have just the game for Augusta. I hit high, soft shots and love those fast greens."

Early this year Miller hit one shot on national television that was very definitely neither high nor soft. Paired with Nicklaus in the final round of the Crosby, he shanked his second shot on 16, a full, all-out duffer's shank. Miller hit a number of outstanding shots during that tournament, but millions of golf fans who watched that Sunday will remember only one: the shank that probably gave Nicklaus the Crosby in sudden death.

But will they remember exactly who hit it? A young, blond-haired golfer in striped pants was preparing to hit an approach shot at the Andy Williams tournament in San Diego a few weeks later when someone in the gallery shouted: "Make sure you don't shank it."

As always, Larry Hinson didn't bother to explain. **END**

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SEAGRAM'S BENCHMARK KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF JOSEPH E SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Ten years ago John Reilly, a Wall Street securities dealer, took off for Florida, seeking a different kind of vacation. In Miami Beach, Reilly contracted a charter-boat skipper named Bob Holloway to take him game fishing in the Bahamas. By the time Holloway had poked the stem of his boat *Starduster* into the Gulf Stream, bound for Bimini in the black of night, a northwest wind was gusting over 30 knots, piling up 10-foot seas. To be ready for the next day's action, John Reilly got into a bunk to sleep, but he never did. Whenever *Starduster* leaped off the top of a big sea, Reilly ended up on the floor. "Oh, God, I will never forget that night," he now says. "I fell out of the bunk at least 40 times. Nine and a half hours after leaving Miami, we reached Cat Cay, south of Bimini, with two portholes blown out and maybe a pint of gas aboard."

The weather continued so foul for the next 24 hours that Holloway kept *Starduster* snugged to a dock in the Bimini harbor. Game fishermen who have been thrown out of bed repeatedly and then do not get a minute of action in the fighting chair the next day tend to sulk. John Reilly turned out to be a wonderful guy. When denied the chance to go after big fish in the grand manner of Hemingway, Reilly, without grumbling, took the lightest tackle Holloway had aboard and dunked a line off the stern, right at dockside. Using bread and flecks of mullet, he caught a wild variety of itty-bitty fish: small parrots, angels, wrasses, demoiselles and occasionally a whopper of a needlefish measuring over eight inches. Reilly was so delighted by the varied shapes and colors of his catch that he wanted them all mounted. Holloway iced away the midget fish in his bait box so they could be delivered intact to



YOU CATCH IT, HE'LL MOUNT IT

Anything found in water—from fighting surface fish to benthic weirdies—is fair game for taxidermist Al Pflueger Jr. ***by COLES PHINIZY***

Al Pflueger, the famous Miami taxidermist. At the minimum rate Pflueger charged per specimen 10 years ago, Holloway now reckons that Reilly's total haul of mini-fish would have cost more than a thousand dollars. Alas, he will never know the exact amount, for while he and Reilly dined ashore that night, a cat got into the bait box.

The cat got the biggest piece of the action on John Reilly's first game-fish safari, but Pflueger, the taxidermist, was the long-term winner. Reilly was so taken by Southern fishing that he brought his own boat down from the North. In the next six years he sent more than 50 fish of all sizes—some 10-footers and some six-inchers—to Pflueger's taxidermy company. Of the rough total of 200 feet of fish that Reilly had mounted, he kept about half; the rest he gave to friends, relatives and business pals. When he caught two blacktip sharks of identical size one day, he had both mounted and gave them to his twin sons, Donald and Kevin.

While it is unlikely that Pflueger-mounted fish will ever become as common a wall hanging as, say, Whistler's painting of his mother, thanks to anglers like Reilly—and the general enthusiasm of people for marine life these days—Pfluegerized fish are proliferating in American homes.

When Albert Pflueger, the pioneer and perfector of marine taxidermy techniques, went into business 47 years ago, most of the fish he handled were common species. In the late '20s and '30s most anglers fished in orthodox ways and caught a standard line of game fish. Today the bulk of the 9,000 fish being processed at one time in the one-acre Pflueger plant in Hallandale, Fla. are still old standbys: marlin and sailfish; tuna, albacore and bonito; dolphin and barracuda. But mixed in the regular game bag now there are many of the bright reef fish that divers have come to love; and benthic weirdies caught by deep-lining faddists; and also runt-sized tarpon and snook caught by light-tackle specialists. Even the shark, once abhorred, is now adored. Sharks large and small are being mounted in increasing numbers, at a steep price, by plain folks who want something with a little more pizzazz than Whistler's mother to hang in their rumpus rooms. The last time Jerry Webb, the operations manager of Pflueger, took a good look around, there were 241 species of fish going through the plant, along with an assortment of turtles and crustaceans.

The Pflueger plant is the sort of large-scale, artsy-craftsy operation that would drive an efficiency expert berserk. Imagine, if you will, an automobile plant where Cadillacs and Cadillacs the size of Ford Pintos and Plymouths bigger than Cadillacs and Lincolns smaller than Ramblers all move along the same assembly line. Add a few Stutz Bearcats and wood-spoked wagons to the line, and you have a rough idea of what the Pflueger operation is like. In one day a Pflueger craftsman may work on a dozen fish that are specifically identical but of different size. On the same day he may handle another dozen that are the same size but not at all alike.

In essence the Pflueger operation resembles the 16th-century metalworks run by the old Italian playboy/artist Benvenuto Cellini. But there is one wholesome difference. Cellini was very client-conscious; Al Pflueger never was. From his start as a professional taxidermist in 1925 until his death in 1962, Al Pflueger operated on the principle that all fishermen and all fish deserve equal treatment. Pflueger's totally democratic and fishocratic philosophy prevails in the taxidermy plant now managed by his son, Albert Jr.

At Pflueger's place today, as always, a fish is a fish is a fish. While the identification of the species being handled is always important, the identity of the fisherman counts for nothing. A few years back an aide of Governor Claude Kirk of Florida telephoned to ask if a down payment on a fish for the governor could be deferred. The aide was told the fish would be handled provided the governor made his payments on time like everybody else. Craftsmen who in years past handled specimens for Zane Grey, Errol Flynn, Ernest Hemingway and Herbert Hoover now work with meticulous dispassion on fish for the Kennedy family, Dean Martin, Ted Williams, Dick Nixon and Jack Nicklaus. If Golda Meir sent in a Nile perch tomorrow, or Leonid Brezhnev shipped a hake from the Sea of Okhotsk, nobody in the Pflueger plant would get excited. Alfred Glassell's 1,560-pound black marlin now hanging in the Smithsonian Institution—the biggest bony fish ever recognized by the International Game Fish Association as a world record—was mounted by Pflueger men, and so was the head of the 4,500-pound white shark that now hangs with toothy mouth agape in Salivar's Bar in Montauk on Long Island. Pflueger once mounted a manta ray with a 16-foot wingspan, but no one around the plant can recall for whom. At Pflueger's place, fish are remembered far better than fishermen.

Five years ago three St. Peter's fish from the Sea of Galilee—supposedly the kind that Christ fed to the multitudes—were flown to the Pflueger plant alive so their colors could be observed before mounting. Neither Al Pflueger Jr. nor Jerry Webb is sure just who sent the fish or why, but both remember the fish. According to Webb, the St. Peter's fish were vertically striped like the common demoiselle called sergeant major. According to Pflueger, they were shaped much like bream but with perchlike mouths. The plant had never handled a St. Peter's fish before nor has it since. But when Pflueger and Webb were recently asked to describe these onetime visitors to the plant from the Sea of Galilee, right off the top of their fish-filled heads they could do so with remarkable accuracy.

Three years ago a lady, fishing on Bob Holloway's new craft, *Sea Wolf II*, brought nothing to boat except an 18-inch length of plank, hooked while trolling. She wished it mounted, and Pflueger obliged, charging her the then-minimum rate of $45. "We did not take the insides out or even give it a glass eye," Pflueger says, "but it got a very good $45 varnishing job." As usual Pflueger does not remember the client's name, but he does remember that the plank was No. 3 spruce. How in heaven's name does a man with a head full of fish recall the composition of a small plank so well? Simple. As Pflueger explains, "It was the same kind of wood we used to make our packing crates. For all I know it could have been off one of our crates."

Last spring a 500-pound marlin caught off the northern Bahamas by Actor Cam-

continued

eron Mitchell sat waiting its turn amid several thousand pounds of lesser fish in a cold storage room of the Pflueger plant. At the time Mitchell's big billfish came in, Leonard Black, the fish skinner who might handle it, was busy on a 75-pound amberjack caught somewhere by J. D. Hawkins of Grenada, Miss. At the same time, on a pallet near Black's worktable, the defleshed remains of a once-beautiful 80-pound longbill spearfish lay stretched out, hideous to behold. At that point in its skinned-out, half-cured, oily state the spearfish looked less lovely than an American woman daubed with anti-wrinkle cream and bedecked in curlers.

The Atlantic spearfish is an oddball cousin of the common marlins and sailfish—a rare species little known and seldom caught. Few big-game fishermen would recognize one on sight. Most of them do not know such a creature exists. The particular spearfish moving along the Pflueger assembly line (gradually regaining its good looks) was caught by Edwin Jay Gould, a New York investment banker who has had more than 100 fish mounted by Pflueger. According to Drs. C. Richard Robins and Donald de Sylva, the foremost experts on the species, Gould's 80-pounder is the largest of record. The arrival of Gould's big spearfish at Pflueger's place was, in a sentimental sense, a homecoming, for it was Al Pflueger Sr. who 15 years ago first discovered the species.

Although the elder Pflueger got only a grade-school education before he had to make his own way as a lineman for a New Jersey power company, he was blessed with the catchall mind and curious eye that a naturalist needs. In the mid-1950s, when the sport of billfishing was booming and his taxidermy business along with it, Pflueger noticed that some of the so-called white marlin he saw on docks, as well as some sent to him for mounting labeled as white marlin or sailfish, definitely were not. On the basis of booklore he absorbed in his off hours, Pflueger suspected these misnamed oddballs were a sort of spearfish known only in the Mediterranean. When he submitted evidence to Drs. Robins and de Sylva, they initially agreed with him. After further study Robins and de Sylva realized the strangers spotted by Pflueger were a distinct species of Atlantic spearfish. They gave the new species the official name *Tetrapturus pfluegeri*. Considering that Gould has been a very steady customer and that Pflueger discovered the species that now bears his name, the record-sized spearfish certainly rates special attention. But at Pflueger's place it did not get it. This most famous of all Pflueger fish waited its turn in line just like Dick Nixon's fish and everybody else's.

A few steps behind the oddball spearfish, there were three common fish: a Gulf flounder, a bluestriped grunt and a red-breasted bream. Though ordinary, each is special in a way. The foot-and-a-half flounder was caught off a Florida dock by 5-year-old David Lindner of Cincinnati, who wants it mounted with good reason. How many other anglers, age five or age 50, have ever caught a Gulf flounder almost half as long as they are tall?

The bluestriped grunt was caught by 71-year-old Fred Zollner of Fort Wayne, Ind. Although he is surely better known as the owner of the Detroit Pistons' basketball team, Zollner is also a deep-lining, mini-fishing zealot. In the past 10 years he has put nearly 200 strange and beautiful runt-sized fish through the Pflueger plant. Scuba divers and snorkelers have seen bluestriped grunts galore, but none has seen a 14-inch lunker such as Zollner caught. Zollner brought his big grunt up from a depth of 400 feet using a special wire line so sensitive he can feel a half-pound fish brush against it a quarter mile below.

By contrast, the red-breasted bream alongside Zollner's grunt was taken in a most humble way. Cora Hiott, a housewife, caught it in the Edisto River of South Carolina, using a cane pole and bobber rig baited with a cricket. As red-breasted bream go, Cora Hiott's is a whopper, weighing 1¼ pounds. It is undoubtedly one of the oldest bream ever put through the Pflueger plant. Cora Hiott caught it six years ago. As her husband, Allen Hiott, explains, "We figured we might never catch another bream so big, so we froze it solid in a block of ice, put it in our deep freeze and bided our time. I had seen fish mounted by this man Pflueger, and I thought if we ever got to Florida again, we would drop it off at his place." On their way to a week of fishing in the Florida Keys, the Hiotts left the block of ice containing the bream at Pflueger's place. In the Keys, Allen Hiott caught a beauty of a bull dolphin. It too is now somewhere among the 9,000 fish moving through the Pflueger assembly line.

From the time it enters the south end of the Pflueger plant (which smells like a tuna cannery) until it comes out the north end (which smells like a paint factory), an ordinary fish like a dolphin or amberjack takes about five months. General Motors produces Chevrolets much faster, and even Cellini's old artisans turned out silverware in less time. Again, there is a difference. Whereas General Motors works mainly with metals—as did Cellini's men—Pflueger craftsmen handle very perishable stuff. For all his wonders, the Almighty God never made a fish that lasted long out of water. Within a day at room temperature all fish lose their good looks and shortly thereafter start to rot.

The average fish spends much of its time in the Pflueger plant, in effect, simply being adapted to life out of water. After a fish is skinned and the skin is scrupulously cleaned of every degradeable particle, it lies in the sun so that the water and oil inherent in the skin will be drawn to the surface. The skinned-out remains are then put in a degreasing solution. Some species need only one sunning and one degreasing bath. Oilier fish such as mackerel often need two sunnings and two baths. For the oiliest specimens, the sunning and bathing periods are lengthened, and the whole process can take a month. After being degreased the specimen is soaked in a poison solution with a strychnine base to deter bugs that might try eating it in the years to come. (Before Ralph Nader and his Raiders ride onto the scene to announce that the fish hanging on the walls of America are a menace, let us hasten to add that the strychnine dose in Pflueger fish is very light. Any kid who climbs onto a mantel and starts chewing on a Pflueger mount will never feel the effect. Indeed, at the rate living fish are soaking up mercury and other poisons, a Pflueger mount may soon be the safest seafood in town.) After being degreased and bugproofed on the Pflueger line, the dry skin of a fish, with its fins, tail and jaws still attached, resembles a shriveled shag of tobacco leaves that has spent a long, hard winter curing in a Carolina barn. After soaking in a softening agent to restore its pliancy, the sodden skin looks even worse.

continued

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FORD MUSTANG

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When he first went into taxidermy, Al Pflueger Sr. mounted fish in the conventional way, stretching the plant skin over preshaped forms of solid plaster. A solid plaster mount weighs about a third more than the real fish. In the early '30s Pflueger perfected and patented a hollow-mold process. A modern, hollow Pflueger beauty hanging on the wall, looking as if it were alive, weighs barely a third of the original fish.

In the hollow-mold process, the side of the fish skin that will eventually face out from the wall is put in a concave mold conforming to the size and shape of the live fish. Through the head-to-tail slit the skinner has made on the opposite side of the skin, a soft sheet of puttylike, mud-colored material reinforced with surgical gauze is inserted and spread out over the whole interior of the skin. This magic molding material was developed by Al Pflueger Sr. and, to preserve its secrecy, is commonly described by his son simply as "mache" or "mud." After the skin has been lined with a layer of Pflueger's magic mud, the void remaining is then filled in with wet sawdust. When it has been so solidly packed that the skin is distended into the original shape of the fish, a wood plate is inserted (to accept the screws of a wall bracket) and the slit in the back side is sewn up.

Before the magic mud starts to harden, the remains of the fish are put on a contour form and pinned down with the fins properly extended and the body in the exact posture the client wants. Most tarpon, for example, are mounted arching upward, as if leaping from the water trying to throw a hook. Sailfish generally are mounted in a plain, leaping curve with dorsal fin extended. A freshwater bass is usually formed up with its mouth open wide and gill covers flared out, as if it were about to finish off the biggest bullfrog in its pond. When the magic mud has hardened sufficiently—a very big fish can take a week—the mount is taken off the contour form. The sawdust is emptied out, and the mount hung up to dry. In the humid Florida summer a very big fish sometimes hangs around the plant for a month simply drying out.

Once dry, a Pflueger fish passes through the hands of half a dozen beauty technicians. One specialist puts fiberboard backing on the fins and tails. The next fills in major defects in the body and fins with a wood-fiber compound and also fits its eye socket with a German-made glass eyeball that is within a millimeter of the size of the original and has an iris of the correct color and configuration. Another specialist gives the fish a filler coat of paint to preserve it and highlight minor flaws, which are then corrected with another kind of cellulose putty.

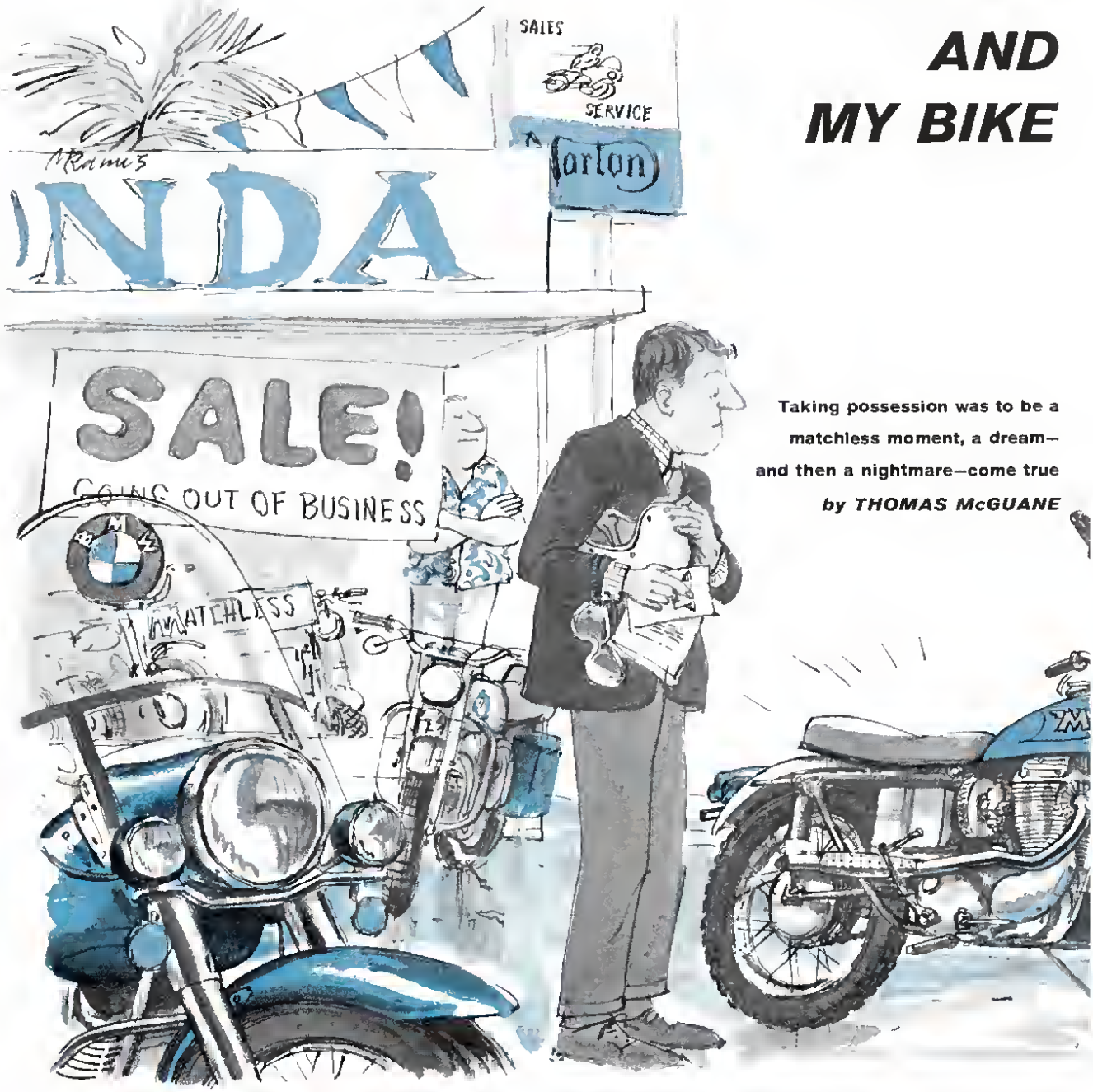
After a shining coat of base paint has been put on it, a Pflueger fish looks as perfect and pure—and about as sexy—as Ingrid Bergman did playing the part of a nun in one of the Hollywood flicks of yesteryear. In this immaculate state the fish finally reaches the north end of the building, where an artist will restore the drab or gaudy colors it had in real life. If the fish is a common one such as an amberjack, a veteran Pflueger artist has done so many of the same he could probably do the job blindfolded, using the tail of a seeing-eye dog for a brush. But if the fish happens to be *Hypoplectrus unicolor*, a small, deep-dwelling grouper that passes through the plant rarely, the artist will look up the specifications and artist's rendition in the file before proceeding. When hung on a wall and assailed by the wrong kind of light, some finished mounts shine so brightly and garishly they look as if they had just leaped out of a vat of varnish. Be that as it may, considering the perishability of its original flesh and its final durability, a Pfluegerized fish is a remarkable product.

Since he was a boy, Pflueger has been wallowing in fish, figuratively and in fact. He often fished with his father in orthodox ways and also experimentally with deep lines and whatnot. As a high-schooler he collected fish on docks for the company and on vacations worked along the assembly line, skinning fish at one end, painting them at the other. Before graduating from high school, he was a master angler and an able taxidermist despite the fact that as a teenager he tilted with a lot of different windmills. In his junior high days he was a table-tennis whiz; in high school, an able swimmer. Before the age of 20 he had won local and state honors as a powerboat driver, trapshooter and drag racer. He should be forgiven these truancies. For one thing, he is now considered an absolute authority in several areas of saltwater fly-fishing, where he holds numerous world records. For another, his father, certainly one of the fishiest men of all time, was also a bit of a dilettante. Now and again, when Al Pflueger Sr. felt he simply had to get away from fish, he would take off and hunt for tree snails in the hammocks of the Everglades.

The name Pflueger—which is often misspelled Pfleuger or Plfueger—is German, meaning "plowman." Although the name is very familiar to anglers in this country, curiously neither Al Pflueger Sr. nor his son can take even half the credit for the fishy reputation it now enjoys. Before the fish-mounting Pflueger family came to the U.S., an Ernest Pflueger who was not related was prospering as a harness manufacturer in Akron. Ernest Pflueger was a fishing nut and before his death in 1900 was producing fishing gear. In the past 40 years the Pflueger tackle manufacturers in Ohio often got inquiries from people wanting to know what happened to the fish their charter captain sent in for mounting. The Pflueger fish mounters in Florida now and again got Pflueger reels to repair. By further coincidence the Shakespeare Company, another tackle manufacturer, subsequently became the parent corporation of both concerns, so, by adoption, today all Pfluegers are in one family.

One of Al Pflueger's sidelines today is artificial reef building. With the help of charter skippers, sportsmen and the city of Miami, for the past four years he has been sinking old ships in 200 feet of water along a mile stretch off the coast. Pflueger's hope is to restore fishing to the high level he knew as a boy. The wreck sites are already paying off both for drift fishermen and trollers, and, even if fishing is never again as good as it was, Pflueger's reef already offers the angler the chance for a very rare prize. Suppose a fisherman using a Pflueger lure, Pflueger line and a Pflueger rod and reel trolled over the bait-rich waters of the Pflueger artificial reef? Suppose he caught one of the rare Atlantic spearfish that was discovered by Al Pflueger Sr. and named *T. pflugeri* after him? Though a long shot, it is possible that someday some angler will catch such a 100% Pflueger fish. One thing is sure. If he then sends this rare prize off to be Pfluegerized for posterity, it will wait its turn in line at the Pflueger taxidermy plant just like Dick Nixon's fish and everybody else's. **END**

FINALLY, WE WERE LEFT ALONE, JUST ME AND MY BIKE



Taking possession was to be a matchless moment, a dream—and then a nightmare—come true

by THOMAS McGUANE

Like many who think they might want to buy a motorcycle, there had been for me the time-consuming problem of getting over the harrowing insurance statistics, the reports on just what is liable to happen to you. But two years of living in California—a familiar prelude to acts of excess—had moved me up to the category of active motorcycle spectator. I watched and identified, and eventually resorted to bikers' magazines, from which I evolved a whole series of foundationless prejudices.

Following the war motorcycling left a peculiar image in the national consciousness: porcine individuals wearing a sort of yachting cap with a white vinyl bill, the decorative braid pulled up over the hat, their motorcycles plated monsters, white rubber mud flaps studded with ruby stars hung from both fenders. Where are those machines now? Surely Andy Warhol can't have bought them all. Not every one of them is a decorative planter in a Michigan truck garden. But wherever they are, it is certain that the ghosts of cretinism collect close around the strenuously baroque plumbing of those inefficient engines and speak to us of an America that has gone.

It was easy for me initially to deplore the big road bikes, the motorcycles of the police and Hell's Angels. But finally even these "hogs" and show bikes had their appeal, and sometimes I had dark fantasies of myself on El Camino Real, hands hung overhead from the big chopper bars, feet in front on weirdly automotive pedals, making all the decent people say: "There goes one."



I did it myself. Heading into San Francisco with my wife, our Land-Rover blaring wide open at 52 miles per, holding up a quarter mile of good people behind us, people who didn't see why anybody needed four-wheel drive on the Bayshore Freeway, we ourselves would from time to time see a lonesome Angel or Coffin Cheater or Satan's Slave or Gypsy Joker on his big chopper and say (either my wife or myself, together sometimes): "There goes one."

Anyway, it was somewhere along in here that I saw I was not that type, and began to think of sporting machines, even racing machines, big ones, because I had no interest in starting small and working my way up as I had been urged to do. I remember that I told the writer Wallace Stegner what I intended, and he asked, "Why do you people do this when you come to California?"

"It's like skiing," I said, purely on speculation.

"Oh, yeah? What about the noise?"

But no one could stop me. A simple Neanderthal "gimme" expressed my feeling toward all unowned motorcycles. "I'll have that and those. Me, now."

There was the dire question of money that ruled out many I saw. The English-built Triumph Metisse road racer was out of the question, for example. Some of the classics I found and admired—Ariel Square Fours, Vincent Black Shadows, BSA Gold Stars, Velocette Phruxtons, Manx Nortons—had to be eliminated on grounds of cost or outlandish maintenance problems.

Some of the stranger Japanese machinery, two-cycle, rotary-valved engines, I dismissed because they sounded funny. The Kawasaki Samurai actually seemed refined, but I refused to consider it. I had a corrupt Western ideal of a bike's exhaust rap, and the tuned megaphone exhausts of the Japanese motorcycles sounded like something out of the next century, weird loon cries of Oriental speed tuning. My wife felt they were all unwholesome and only nasty people rode them.

Somewhere in my mind the perfect motorcycle, the Platonic bike, had taken shape. Try to see this period as my time in the desert. Picture me bikelorn, as it were, driving a brutally slow safari vehicle on the crisp, perfect highways of California. Healthful airs are kept from my body by a corrupt capitalist windshield. The front differential is never engaged. Our Land-Rover, I told my wife, gets much worse mileage than almost any motorcycle you could name. "Oh, for God's sake," she said.

There is a blurred moment in my head, a scenario of compulsion. I am in a motorcycle shop that is going out of business. I am writing a check that challenges the entire contents of my bank account. I am given ownership papers substantiated by the State of California, a crash helmet and five gallons of fuel. Some minutes later I am standing beside my new motorcycle, sick all over. The man who sold it to me stares palely through the Thermopane window covered with the decals of the noble marques of "performance." He wonders why I have not moved.

I have not moved because I do not know what to do. I wish to advance upon the machine with authority but cannot. He would not believe I could have bought a motorcycle of this power without knowing so much as how to start its engine. Presently he loses interest and looks for another tormented creature in need of a motorcycle.

Unwatched, I can really examine the bike. Since I have no notion of how to operate it, it is purely an *objet*. I think of a friend with a road racer on a simple mahogany block in front of his fireplace, except that he rides his very well.

The bike was rather beautiful. I suppose it still is. (Are you out there? If you read this, get in touch care of this magazine. All is forgiven.) The designation, which now seems too cryptic for my taste, was "Matchless 500," and it was the motorcycle I believed I had thought up myself. It is a trifle hard to describe the thing to the uninitiated, but, briefly, it had a 500-cc., one-cylinder en-

continued

gine—a "big single" in the patois of bike freaks—and an eloquently simple maroon teardrop-shaped tank that is as much the identifying mark on a Matchless, often otherwise unrecognizable through modification, as the chevron of a redwing blackbird. The front wheel, delicate as a bicycle's, carried a Dunlop K70 tire (said to "cling") and had no fender; a single cable led to the pale machined brake drum. Over the knobby rear curved an extremely brief magnesium fender with, instead of the lush buddy-seat of the fat motorcycles, a minute pillion of leather. The impression was of performance and of complete disregard for comfort. The equivalent in automobiles would be, perhaps, the Morgan, in sailboats the Finn.

I saw all these things at once (remember the magazines I had been reading, the Floyd Clymer books I had checked out of the library), and in that sense my apprehension of the motorcycle was perfectly literary. I still didn't know how to start it. Suddenly it looked big and mean and vicious and no fun at all.

I didn't want to experiment on El Camino Real and, moreover, it had begun to rain heavily. I had made up my mind to wheel it home, and there to peruse the operation manual whose infuriating British locutions the Land-Rover manual had prepared me for.

I was surprised at the sheer inertial weight of the thing; it leaned toward me and pressed against my hip insistently all the way to the house. I was disturbed that a machine whose place in history seemed so concise should look utterly foreign at close range. The fact that the last number on the speedometer was 140 seemed irresponsible.

It was dark by the time I got home. I wheeled it through the back gate and down the sidewalk through a yard turned largely to mud. About halfway to the kitchen door, I somehow got the thing tilted away from myself, and it slowly but quite determinedly toppled over in the mud with me, gnashing, on top of it.

My wife came to the door and peered into the darkness. "Tom?" I refused to vouchsafe an answer. I lay there in the mud, no longer struggling, as the spring rains of the San Francisco Peninsula singled me out for special treatment: take that and now that. I was already composing the ad in the *Chronicle* that motorcycle people dream of finding: "Big savings on Matchless 500. Never started by present owner. A real cream puff." My wife threw on the porch light and perceived my discomfiture.

The contretemps had the effect of quickly getting us over the surprise that I had bought the motorcycle, questions of authorization and so on. I headed for the showers. Scraped and muddy, I had excited a certain amount of pity. "I'll be all right."

No one told me to retard the spark. True enough, it was in the manual, but I had been unable to read that attentively. It had no plot, no characters. So my punishment was this: when I jumped on the kick starter, it backfired and more or less threw me off the bike. I was limping all through the first week from vicious blowbacks. I later learned it was a classic way to get a spiral fracture. I tried jumping lightly on the kick starter and, unfairly, it would blast back as viciously as with a sharp kick. Eventually it started, and, sitting on it, I felt the surge of torque tilt the bike under me. I was afraid to take my hands off the handlebars. My wife lowered the helmet onto my head; I compared it to the barber's basin Don Quixote had worn into battle, the Helmet of Mambrino.

I slipped my toe up under the gearshift lever, lifted it into first, released the clutch and magically glided away and made all my shifts through fourth, at which time I was on Sand Hill Road and going 50, my shirt in a soft air bubble at my back, my Levi's wrapped tight to my shins, my knuckles whitening under the giddy surge of pure undetained motion as I climbed gently into the foothills toward Los Altos. The road got more and more winding as I ascended, briskly but conservatively. Nothing in the air was lost on me as I passed through zones of smell and temperature as palpable transitions, running through sudden warm spots on the road where a single redwood 100 feet away had fallen and let in a shaft of sunlight. The road seemed tremendously spacious. The sound was behind me, so that when I came spiraling down out of the mountains and saw some farm boy had walked out to the end of the road to see me go by, I realized he had heard me coming for a long time. And I wondered a little about the racket.

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS




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These rides became habitual and presumably more competent. I often rode up past La Honda for a view of the sea at the far edge of a declining cascade of manzanita-covered hills, empty and foggy. The smell of ocean was so perfectly evocative in a landscape divided among ranches and truck gardens whose pumpkins in the foggy air seemed to have an uncanny brilliance. A Japanese nursery stood along the road in clouds of tended vines on silver redwood lattice. I went past it to the sea and before riding home took a long walk on the ribbed, immense beach.

A fascinating aspect of the pursuit, not in the least bucolic, was the bike shop where one went for mechanical service, and which was a meeting place for the bike people, whose machines were poised out front in carefully conceived rest positions. At first, of course, no one would talk to me, but my motorcycle ideas were theirs; I was not riding one of the silly mechanisms that purred down the highways in a parody of the equipment these people lived for.

One day an admired racing mechanic—"a good wrench"—came out front and gave my admittedly well-cared-for Matchless the once-over. He announced that it was "very sanitary." I was relieved. "Thank you," I said, modestly.

Ultimately, I was taken in, treated kindly and given the opportunity to ride some of the machinery that so excited me: the "truly potent" Triumph Metisse, an almost uncontrollable supercharged Norton Atlas from New Mexico and a couple of road-racing machines with foot pegs way back by the rear sprocket and stubby six-inch handlebars—so that you lay out on the bike and divide a sea of wind with the point of your chin.

One day I "got off on the pavement," that is, crashed. It was not much of a crash. I went into a turn too fast and ran off the shoulder and got a little "road burn" requiring symbolic bandages at knees and elbows. I took the usual needling from the crew at the bike shop, and with secret pleasure accepted the temporary appellation, "Crash Cargo." I began taking dawn trips over the mountains to Santa Cruz, sometimes with others, sometimes alone, wearing a wool hunting shirt against the chill and often carrying binoculars and an Audubon field guide to birds.

Then one day—and here the kettledrums are introduced on the sound track—riding in my own neighborhood, a man made a U turn in front of me and stopped, blocking the road. It was too late to brake and I had to put the bike down, riding it like a sled as it screeched across the pavement. It ran into the side of the car and I slid halfway under the seat and knees torn out of my pants, scraped and bruised but without serious injury. I had heard the sharp clicking of my helmet against the pavement and later saw the depressions that might have been in my skull.

The man got out, accusing me of going 100 miles an hour, accusing me of laying for a chance to create an accident, accusing me of being a Hell's Angel, and finally admitting he had been daydreaming and had not looked up the street before making his illegal maneuver. The motorcycle was a mess. He pleaded with me not to have physical injuries. He said he had very little insurance. And a family. "Have a heart."

"You ask this of a Hell's Angel?"

At the motorcycle shop I was urged to develop nonspecific spinal trouble. A special doctor was named. But I had the motorcycle minimally repaired and sent the man the bill. When the settlement came, his name was at the top of the stationery. He was the owner of the insurance agency.

Perhaps it was the point-blank view from below of rocker panels and shock absorbers and the specious concern of the insurance man for my health that gave my mortality its little twinge. I suddenly did not want to get off on the pavement anymore or bring my road burn to the shop under secret bandages. I no longer cared if my bike was sanitary. I wanted to sell it, and I wanted to get out of California.

I did both those things, and in that order. But sometimes in the midst of more tasteful activities, I miss the mournful howl of that big single engine as it came up on the cam, dropped revs and started over on a new ratio; the long banking turns with the foot pegs sparking against the pavement and the great crocodile's tears the wind caused to trickle out from under my glasses. I'm behind a sensible windshield now, and the soaring curve of acceleration does not come up through the seat of my pants. I have an FM radio, and the car doesn't get bad mileage.

Call me Gramps. **END**

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The Dawn of the Possible Dream

"Boys are playing basketball
around a telephone pole with a
backboard bolted to it.
Legs, shouts. The scrape and snap
of Keds on loose alley pebbles
seem to catapult their
voices high into the moist March
air." Novelist John Updike's
aging Rabbit Angstrom spoke the
words. Photographer Walter Iooss Jr.
set out to capture them, not
only in his native
New Jersey, but in Venice,
Calif. (right) and suburbs and city
streets where bright careers
blossom first in the asphalt jungle.





Schoolyard basketball or street ball or playground ball–no matter the name–is a "terrific dream game," Iooss found, "a fantasy, an addiction." In New York, as elsewhere, kids play it anytime, regardless of conditions. It is enough to gaze on the wondrous sight of a swish, or to dribble down a sidewalk past brownstones and garbage, or just to rest after some two-on-two.






DANES my name + BASKETBALLS my

He is Walt Frazier or Jerry
West, the future pro. But more
than that, just lunging for
a loose ball can be a marvelous
act of desire, done over
fallen leaves or
on a court cleared of snow
or in the summer when the city
sizzles. A fast break is
a boy's passion, and it is his
training for the years ahead.











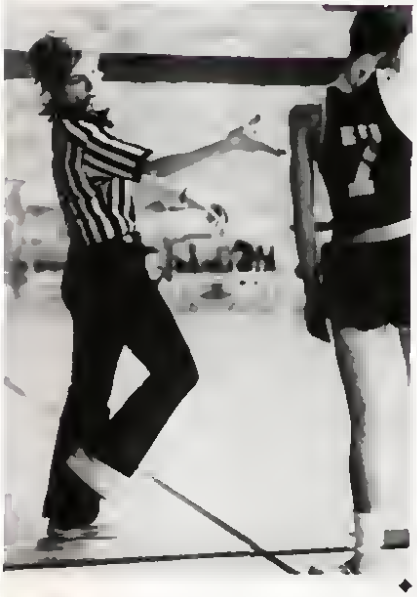
It seems almost too early, but
already Florida boys barely
in their teens know the
moves. Their court is grass
and the time is May. Later in
the summer an older player,
a veteran in New Jersey, starts
wearily for home in the sunset.
For him, for all the others,
when play is done, there are always
these: the shot, the pass,
the moment to remember.







Some kid's game began here at
a tarred telephone pole in Newport,
R.I. It may not have ended yet.



◆ Keeping your eye on the ball gets more difficult in the Minnesota state junior high school league, where **Kathy Leonard**, 29, a pretty Faribault, Minn schoolteacher, referees some of the games. Here in a St. James vs. Minnesota School for the Deaf contest, Kathy is calling a foul. She gets her share of heckling but says she doesn't mind, especially as so many catcalls are interspersed with wolf whistles.

Gary Cuozzo of the Minnesota Vikings, a licensed dentist, plans to specialize in orthodontics "because it's so gratifying to work with children." If dentistry seems a peculiar choice of a future profession for a pro quarterback, it probably stems from Gary's background. His father is a dentist, his brother an orthodontist. His sister is a dental hygienist married to a dentist whose father is a dentist. Rinse out, please.

The Mistaken Identity Division reports two cases this week that read like a good news-bad news joke. First the good news. Cab driver **Horacio João** of Rio, who looks so much like retired soccer star **Pelé** that he occasionally gets mobbed and has his shirt ripped off, is smiling through. He says, in fact, that his likeness to Pelé has given him "many joys." Now for the bad news. In St. Louis there is a house painter named **August A. Busch** who is not a bit joyous about getting crank mail and phone calls meant for Cardinal Owner **August A. Busch Jr.** The guy wouldn't mind straightening out the pitching rotation, but he doesn't know what to do about all those delayed Budweiser shipments.

If you think the Busches of St. Louis have problems, consider Austria's brewer **Manfred Mautner-Markhof**. One of his good friends is, or was, **Avery Brundage**, the International Olympic Committee president. When the dispute over professionalism in the Winter Games first broke, Mautner-Markhof sent his old friend Brundage a cablegram, voicing his full support. When Brundage disqualified Austrian ski hero Karl Schranz, however, M-M tried to beat a retreat, sending another cable saying he was "shocked." Too late. Newspaper headlines attacking the brewer for his first wire prompted widespread reprisals, and pubs, factories and retailers began canceling orders for Mautner-Markhof's Schweehater beer. Even sales of his mustard have dropped, and one retail shop sported a huge sign: WE DON'T SELL MAUTNER PRODUCTS. Neither, the way things are going, does Manfred.

Talk about emerging nations. **Tad Weed**, a placekicker for Ohio State back in the 1950s, is helping form a new country on a couple of coral reefs near the Fiji Islands. He and his fellow nation-builders are calling it the Republic of Minerva, and their whole point is to get away from government encroachment on free enterprise. The founding fathers are not too big on symbolism, however. Asked if the country was named after the Roman goddess of wisdom, Weed says no, they got the name from a ship that sank on the reefs there some years ago.

● The setting was traditional—St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York—and the wedding party looked pretty much like any other—father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gil Hodges, beaming as their son, **Gil Hodges Jr.**, a first baseman for the Pompano Beach (Fla.) Mets, took as his bride the dark-eyed **Deborah Savino** of Spring Valley, N.Y. The only variation might have been dad's parting advice to his son. Something about playing closer to the line against left-handed batters.

Photographs have now confirmed what **Rick Sylvester** has been saying all month. The 29-year-old skier-sky diver did indeed ski off the brink of Yosemite's sheer 3,000-foot rock, El Capitan, and, sure enough, he also plunged halfway down at a speed of about 160 mph before opening his parachute. Movie cameras recorded the stunt from a helicopter, and it will be used in an upcoming feature film. Sylvester said the idea came to him a couple of years ago and "rose up in my mind like a weed." In the Alps they call them weeds edelweiss.

Athletically inclined lawmaker **Senator William Proxmire** of Wisconsin, who runs 4.5 miles a day, rain or shine, exercises regularly and sports one of Capitol Hill's firmer torsos, looked as though he'd run into a couple of doors, or maybe fists. But inside gossip had it that the two shiners the Senator showed up with on Capitol Hill last week came from a workout not in the ring, but in surgery, and were only the leftovers from a light face-lifting.

In the middle of a business meeting in Dallas the other day, somebody leaned across the table and informed **Kyle Rote**, the former SMU All-America and New York Giant star, that his son had just been chosen in the first round of the draft. Sure enough, **Kyle Rote Jr.** of the University of the South had just been selected first by the Dallas Tornado of the North American Soccer League. In fact, the draft was held in the same building, and Kyle Sr. went downstairs to have a few words with his son's prospective new management. Not that he is any expert on soccer affairs. He didn't even know the draft was on.





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Rebound for Washington

Everything about Kermit Washington suggests All-America. His surname aside, he was born in the nation's capital, attends American University, dates a cheerleader, plays basketball in a red, white and blue uniform, scores 20 points a game and, to the surprise of everybody, leads the country in rebounding.

Unfortunately, Washington also leads the country in obscurity. Having played but a year in high school, he was the consummate sleeper, which explains why American, almost as unknown as he was, got him. Few other schools even tried.

As a sophomore last year, the 6′ 8″ center finished second in the nation in rebounding, sandwiched anonymously between the statistics of Artis Gilmore and Julius Erving. In one game he grabbed more rebounds than the entire opposing team, and he is working more magic this season. He got 30 points and 23 rebounds in an overtime loss at St. John's and made such an unbelievable dunk at King's College that a pair of stunned referees allowed the basket.

"Kermit can make two or three successive leaps in the time a normal player is able to jump once," says his coach Tom Young. "He keeps the ball alive with both hands and looks like a man playing volleyball on a trampoline." He is, in other words, the center of the American revolution. Leastwise, that's what they say in—and of—Washington, by George.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

EAST Penn escaped the boiler-room basement Columbia passes off as a basketball gym without running into steam pipes, pillars or competition. The Quakers led 40–28 at halftime and idled along to a 69–59 win, then found even less trouble at Cornell, winning 98–61. A third black player, Carmel Stewart, quit the Cornell team, calling Coach Jerry Lace "incompetent." Whatever luster the Penn-Brown mini-showdown might have had was diminished when the surprising Bruins were upset by Harvard 78–72.

Providence, trailing Canisius by three points with only 46 seconds left, squeezed out of the scrape 69–64, partly because little-used sub Charlie Crawford—replacing Marvin Barnes, who had fouled out—icily sank two free throws for the lead. At St. Bonaventure, poor Paul Hoffman's hex struck again. In last year's NIT he missed two crucial free throws, and in this season's Kodak Classic he missed a field goal that would have beaten Penn in the finals. Against Detroit he made a free throw he had intended to miss, and the Bonnies lost 67–66. Sunday, all was redeemed. The Bonnies beat Providence 98–82 as Hoffman scored 27.

Duquesne beat Murray State 72–66 before losing to Maryland. Lionel Billingy, the team's leading scorer (21 points against Murray, 20 against Maryland), had 19 points, playing on a sore left shin in a 78–74 win over American University.

1. PENN (16-2) 2. PROVIDENCE (15-3)

MIDWEST Big Ten basketball continued to boil on the court and in the courts. Ohio State's still emotionally taut Buckeyes were upset badly, 80–67, by an Iowa team that had been ready to stage a big ambush all season. OSU turned glacial, hitting only nine of 35 field-goal attempts in the second half, and completely failed to handle the Hawkeye guards, Rick Williams and Gary Lusk, who scored 45 points. The Buckeyes thawed out, but just barely, to beat Purdue 64–62, thanks largely to Luke Witte, who scored 17 points. Captain Mark Minor, 6′ 5″, contributed another dozen rebounds and, for balance, Allan Hornyak bombed in nine long-range baskets.

Minnesota, playing without Ron Behagen and Corky Taylor, suspended despite pleas for reinstatement, was humiliated by Indiana 61–42. The Hoosiers allowed the Gophers just five baskets in the first half, and their coach, Bobby Knight, refused to shake hands with Minnesota Coach Bill Musselman afterward. The Gophers did beat last-place Northwestern 78–55 to retain half of the Big Ten lead, as Musselman donned the gold jacket he had last worn in the Ohio State affair. Illinois lost twice, to Michigan State 89–74 and to Michigan 105–83.

For the third straight season, Louisville edged Wichita State by a single point at Freedom Hall. The score this time was 65–64, the margin coming from a technical. Behind by three after dissipating a 12-point lead, Louisville got a break when Wichita's Steve Shogren fouled Henry Bacon. Shogren uttered an unprintable, Bacon hit one of his bonus shots, and Jim Price sank the technical. Then Price dropped in a baseline 17-footer for the lead that stood.

Missouri beat Iowa State in a hard-fought 77–72 grudge match as Greg Flaker broke up the Cyclones' zone with 23 points and eight of 11 from the floor. The Tigers also mashed Oklahoma State 80–64. This time Flaker hit seven of 13.

Marshall flattened little Samford 92–79 and not-so-little Bowling Green 91–67. Apparently sophomore Lloyd Batts' public, press-conference apology to Coach Tay Baker for his criticisms stoked up the Cincinnati Bearcats. Blissfully reunited, they derailed 16th-ranked Jacksonville, coming from 17 points behind to win 88–84. Junior Dave Johnson marked up 27 points and held Jacksonville's Harold Fox to 12. "We haven't played enough good teams on the road," Coach Tom Wasdin mourned.

Oral Roberts, now 18-1, ran over Fresno State 120–76 while Northern Illinois, with Billy Harris racking up 29 points and Jim Bradley and Jerry Zielinski 21 apiece, beat Illinois State 99–85. Despite a five-minute stall, NIU downed Indiana State 66–61.

1. MARQUETTE (18-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (18-2)

SOUTH North Carolina won what one observer called "three yuk games." The Tar Heels snored past North Carolina State 101–78, blasted out Clemson 73–50 and embarrassed Georgia Tech 118–73. Clemson tried to rough up North Carolina and failed. "Sure, they're a physical team," Bill Chamberlain said. "But, man, this was nothing compared to our Spanish trip."

Nobody was laughing off Virginia now. The Cavaliers ran their record to 18-1 by defeating Virginia Tech 107–85, Wake Forest 74–67 and West Virginia, at Charleston, 89–88. Wake Forest planned to let Barry Parkhill get his points but stop the rest of the Cavaliers. It worked, up to a point—or rather Parkhill's points. He had 34 of them. Against West Virginia he was held to 11 and fouled out in overtime. So with four seconds left, his substitute—Steve Morris—coolly sank the second of two foul shots.

South Carolina had easy pickings against DePaul's Blue Demons 91–67. The Gamecocks dispatched Davidson, possessor of a nine-game winning streak, with equal speed,

continued



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86–71, as Kevin Joyce popped in 28 points.

After a lightning bolt narrowly missed their plane, Florida State's Seminoles looked a bit shaky against South Alabama but recovered to win 104–81. Later they downed Tulane 94–84 in a foul marathon. Within four days Southwestern Louisiana destroyed Eastern New Mexico 75–64, West Texas 78–67 and McNeese State 95–83.

Under second-year Coach Clean Gene Bartow—he has been known to say "Gosh darn"—Memphis State was looking better than 15-5. State did lose 76–72 to St. Louis, but then put down North Texas 87–80.

Maryland prepared for its next clash with North Carolina by beating Duquesne 85–71 and Long Island University 78–60, running its record to 17-3. Sophomore Len Elmore scored a career high of 27 against Duquesne. "They sort of left me alone," he said modestly. "I probably won't see 27 points in the next two games."

Kentucky beat Auburn 78–72 and Mississippi 90–82.

1. N. CAROLINA (17-2) 2. S. CAROLINA (16-3)

WEST "I almost wish Lew Alcindor was back with them," said Marv Harshman after UCLA's Walton Gang had demolished his Washington outfit 109–70. "Bill Walton's great attribute is his enthusiasm," Harshman said, as if in a trance. "He has keener anticipation of where the ball is going than I've ever seen." What Walton did was dominate good Washington Center Steve Hawes, allowing him only one basket on nine shots. "The awesome destructive force," as Harshman called Walton, had 24 rebounds and was 11 for 16 from the field.

The difference was as night and day—or home and away. On Thursday, Fresno State caught Long Beach State cold and upset the 49ers 76–69. "We told our kids that if we could get ahead at the start we could beat Long Beach," Fresno's Ed Gregory said. His chaps jumped away to an 18-2 lead. On Saturday the 49ers turned on San Diego State, 85–68, for their 52nd consecutive home-court victory.

Brigham Young, winner of 12 straight WAC games, beat Arizona 86–78 to become the first to defeat eight conference members in a row in one season. But all came to naught when the 10th-ranked Utahans traveled to Arizona State. They lost 99–95 as Sun Devil Paul Stovall hit 14 of 18 from the floor and scored 33 points.

USC installed a double-post offense after the loss of injured Paul Westphal and surprised Washington 85–68 and Washington State 78–66.

Hawaii's Rainbows refracted U.S. International 96–58 and 85–55.

1. UCLA (19-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (19-3)



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TRACK & FIELD / *Pat Putnam*

According to an astrologer, Steve Prefontaine (above) was supposed to come in third in the two-mile, but the horoscope was full of Taurus

It just wasn't in the stars

Steve Prefontaine arrived in Los Angeles from Eugene, Ore. last week with a worry. And a disdain for people who look to the planets for prophecy. The worry was over the early pace of his two-mile race in the L.A. Times Indoor Games, which he was afraid would be so slow that he would have to set it himself. The disdain came after he learned that an astrologer, one Burton Morse, had said that Prefontaine's planetary influences were less than favorable and predicted he would finish behind Emiel Puttemans of Belgium and Kerry O'Brien of Australia. "Phooey on the stars," said Prefontaine, or words to that effect, and glared heavenward.

And so, with the planets out of the way, Prefontaine got down to the pace. "I just hope some of those foreign guys help out," he said. "I don't want to set the stupid thing all by myself. In America you don't get the comradeship you do in Europe. Over there everybody helps with the pace, and then the guy with the most guts wins. Over here they let you go out all by yourself, just hitching an easy ride and hoping somewhere near the end you'll drop dead. To hell with them. Maybe I'll let the first mile go by in 4:51." He grinned. "Of course, the crowd will start throwing stones at us."

"That's not too funny," said a friend.

"Did you ever run behind a slow pack?" said Prefontaine. "You get a trailing wind and a lot of body odor."

"You shouldn't say things like that. Somebody will print them."

"Aw, nobody would print that."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

Unbeaten in a distance race since 1970, the 5' 9" University of Oregon junior found himself almost totally wiped out after the Pan-American Games. He came home to Coos Bay, Ore. with a gold medal and a Salmonella infection, a sort of super diarrhea. When the doctors had pumped enough medicine into him to kill the Salmonella, they also killed all the good bacteria and he came down with a yeast infection, another sort of super diarrhea.

Finally healthy again, Prefontaine won his second straight NCAA cross-country championship last November, and a few weeks ago in Portland he won a two-mile in 8:26.6, just .4 off the American indoor record. George Young, the 34-year-old American *outdoor* record holder, had been invited to run in the *Times* meet but had declined. "Too much youth in that race," he told Will Kern, the meet director.

"Goldarn!" said Prefontaine. "I wanted to run against Young more than anybody in the field. I wanted to test the veteran out." He laughed. "I almost said the old man, but I don't want to make him mad and give him something to use against me when we do race. Besides, he's not really old. And I like him a lot. He's super intelligent. And very good-looking. And has a great family. And I hope he remembers all these nice things I'm saying when we do race."

For Kerry O'Brien, Los Angeles was worrisome too. Southern California hasn't been all that kind to the 25-year-old Coca-Cola P.R. man. He did set the indoor world record for the two-mile (8:19.2) last year in San Diego, but during the same trip was scared witless by the L.A. earthquake and had $60 stolen from his wallet. "Besides the record," he said, "the only good thing that happened to me was that I decided to see a movie instead of going to Tijuana with two friends. I saw *Love Story* and they got mugged."

And like Prefontaine, O'Brien wasn't all that happy with Morse's view of the position of the planets. "I should like to warn him against some minor muscle damage if he's careless at all about

continued

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A lot of people have small cars they just can't seem to get service for. Opel is serviced by more than 2,200 Buick/Opel dealers from coast to coast. So you won't have to go very far when you need service or maintenance. Fortunately, though, Opels are designed not to need service and maintenance too often . . . with features like automatic exhaust valve rotators for long engine life and a really heavy-duty cooling system.

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GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

preparing for this race," Morse wrote for the *Times*. "Some difficulties appear in the health house."

"That's just bloody great," O'Brien said. "I haven't had a healthy day since I left America last year, and this chap has to predict more trouble. Where was he before the earthquake when I could have used him?"

After setting his record at San Diego, O'Brien went home and intensified his training schedule. He holds the world record of 8:22 for the steeplechase, too, and when he ran two steeples in 8:26.8 and 8:24, European promoters came up with an attractive package of eight summer meets. O'Brien worked even harder. But apparently his planets were in the wrong position. One day while he was jogging along, another runner fell in front of him. "I had to scissor-kick my legs apart to leap over him," O'Brien said, "and then I felt this terrible pain in my stomach." He had suffered a great rip in his lower abdominal muscles. Eight weeks later he ran again, but it wasn't until November that the rip completely healed. O'Brien never got to Europe. Instead he managed to injure his right knee and left Achilles' tendon, both of which were still bothering him in Los Angeles.

When O'Brien announced in January that he was going to run in Toronto and Los Angeles, both his friends and the press in Australia said he was crazy. "But sometimes you have to have the courage to gamble against the advice of other people," he said. "You can't be a champion or set world records unless you are ready to back your own convictions. I felt I needed some intense international competition."

At Toronto a couple of weeks ago he got it, winning a grueling three-mile in 13:23.8. "It took a real gutsy finish to win," he said, "and now I'm pleased that I took the gamble. That race really knocked my legs around a lot, and it's not the sort of thing I'd recommend. But for me, it was the only thing."

The third party of last Friday's race, Puttemans, the 24-year-old waterworks gardener who set the pending outdoor two-mile world record of 8:17.8 in Edinburgh last year, was, like his two rivals, worrying. He has raced indoors very seldomly and he had been warned that negotiating the tight Forum turns would be an edifying experience.

"Is it really that bad?" Puttemans asked. "I've heard it can get pretty crowded."

"Let me see your elbows," someone said.

"My *elbows*?"

"If your elbows aren't as fast as your feet, about the third lap they might be charging you for a seat in the bleachers."

O'Brien didn't figure the Belgian would have too much trouble indoors. "He's a shorty, and they usually can adjust right away. Of course, you never know with Prefontaine. He's an aggressive little bug, isn't he?"

"Is he kidding?" Prefontaine said. "If Puttemans wants to go by me and share the pace I won't lay an elbow on him. Unless he wants to share it on the last lap."

Prefontaine's worries about the early pace ended late Friday afternoon. A few hours before the race, Will Kern got a call from a coach at Cal State Fullerton. "Well, we got a rabbit," said Kern, hanging up. "A kid named Tom Baird, and they say he can give us a 3:10 three-quarters of a mile and that's better than nothing."

A half hour before the race, O'Brien stretched out on a rubbing table while a trainer worked on his knee and Achilles' tendon. Prefontaine trotted past, stopped and said gaily, "Hey, Kerry, what are you, a goldang cripple?"

O'Brien sat straight up as Prefontaine trotted off. "Did you hear that?" he said. "A goldang cripple? I know he was only kidding, but that makes me even more determined to run his cocky bottom into the bleeding boards."

Meanwhile, Puttemans was inside watching Tom Von Ruden burst past Juris Luzins to win the 1,000 in 2:07.1. And Byron Dyce win the mile in 4.02 9, with Jim Ryun a dismal sixth in 4 13.2. And Martin McGrady outduel Lee Evans to win the 600 in 1:09.6. Puttemans had seen plenty of flying elbows, and he was stunned when he saw Von Ruden have one shoe ripped away during the first lap of the 1,000. "And he not only didn't stop," said Puttemans, wide-eyed, "but he won."

"It wasn't much," said Von Ruden, at the moment America's most consistent middle-distance runner and a good bet to be in the 1,500 at Munich. "Just a little blister, that's all."

"That little blister covers his whole foot," said Luzins. "If I had known he was running on that instead of a shoe I might have stepped it up at the end."

As they called the two-mile field, Prefontaine called for Baird, the rabbit. "Can you throw a couple of 62s or 63s together?" Prefontaine asked. Baird nodded. "Great," said Prefontaine. "Let's see what everybody's got."

Baird gave him a 64.7 first quarter, a 2:07.7 half, and dropped out. By then, Prefontaine's throat was burning from the smoke that hung inside The Forum. "Why don't they give up smoking?" he thought.

With that, he turned his attention to the race. When Baird dropped out, Puttemans took the lead. For one lap. "Too slow," Prefontaine thought in disgust. He burst past the Belgian and quickened the pace. Puttemans and O'Brien hung on for four laps and then began to fall back. Prefontaine turned the mile in 4.14.9.

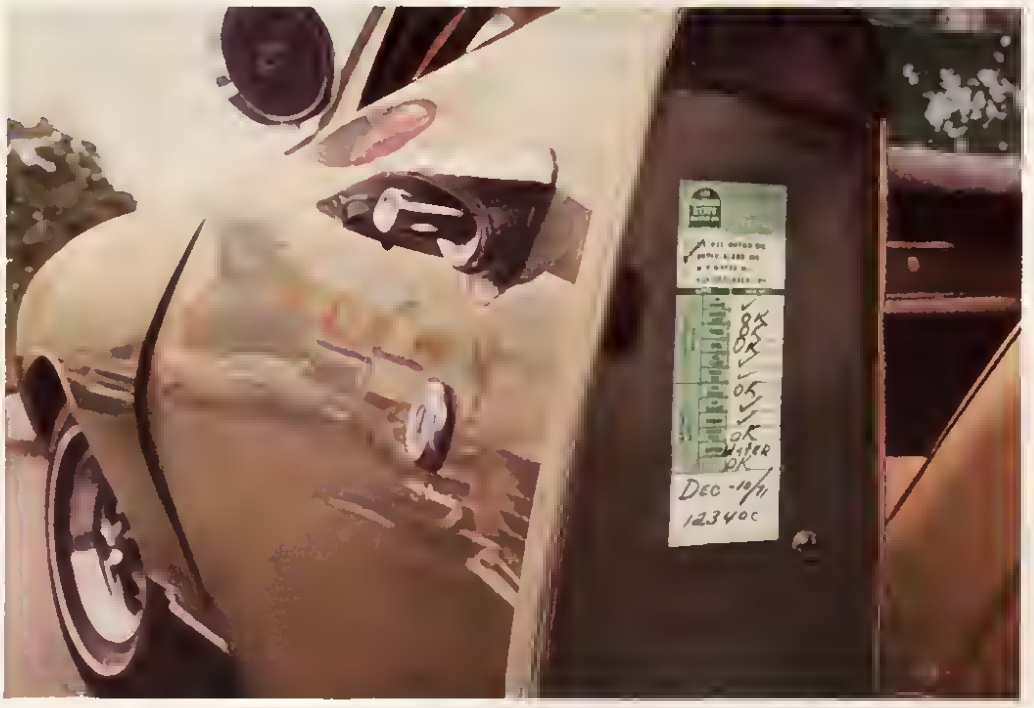
"Right on the nose," said Bill Dellinger, the assistant track coach at Oregon. "We wanted between 4:13 and 4:15. We didn't figure those other two were in real great shape, and we decided to smoke them quick. If you don't, if you permit a slow pace, then it turns into a half-mile race and anybody can win."

Out on the track, Prefontaine was smoking, adding 10 yards to his lead with each lap. Spurred on by the cheering crowd of 13,000, which was on its feet, Prefontaine went even faster. "Golly," he was thinking, "aren't they beautiful people?" He finished in 8:26.6, half a lap ahead of Puttemans, with O'Brien a stride back in third.

"He sure is a speedy little bug," said O'Brien, sighing, "but I'm not upset at finishing third. I got my hard race, and I didn't get injured. And there were no earthquakes. And nobody stole any money out of my wallet. I just wish I could have met that little bug last year."

"And I wish he'd stop calling me a little bug," said Prefontaine. "But wasn't that a super race? Those fans really turned me on. I just wish they wouldn't smoke. But I'm not castigating them for that. Hey, has anybody got a newspaper? I want to read my horoscope for tomorrow." **END**

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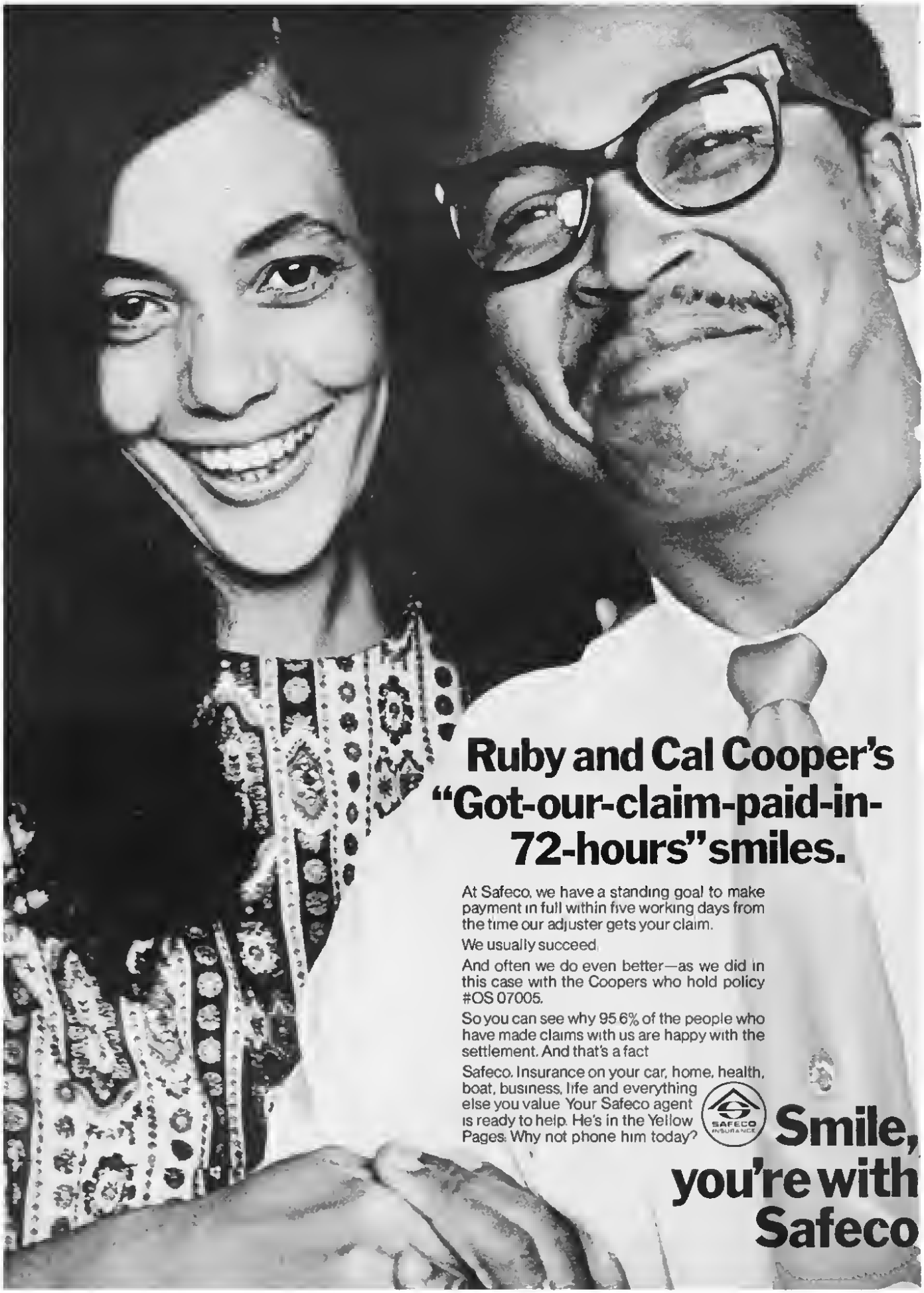
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A slight case of unmistakable identity

The Van Arsdale twins look alike, think alike and play alike—Dick for Phoenix and Tom for Cincinnati—but they don't like to go one-on-one on one another. So last weekend brotherly love slowed the fast break

Dick Van Arsdale walked up to Cincinnati Royal Guard Matt Guokas in the lobby of Phoenix's Townehouse hotel last Friday afternoon, shook his hand and said, "What room is Tom in?" Guokas, who has played against the Van Arsdales for six NBA seasons and has been a teammate of Dick's identical twin brother Tom for the last four months, stared at Dick and then sheepishly admitted, "I thought *you* were Tom."

That is the mildest form of confusion the Van Arsdales regularly create. They cause greater consternation on the court, where they are easier to tell apart—Dick wears a Phoenix Sun uniform and Tom that of the Royals—but harder to figure out. Experts consider the rugged 6′ 5″ twins a bit too slow to play guard and a smidgen too small to play forward. Yet, fired with a determination as identical as their features, each captains his team, each has appeared in three NBA All-Star Games and each is averaging right around his usual 20 points a game.

Each also hates to play against the other, which is what they did last weekend in Phoenix. For only the second time in their 19 seasons of organized basketball, the Van Arsdales were matched up, at least at one end of the court, at the start of the game. Tom guarded Dick, and Dick would have played Tom had not Nate Archibald, the Royals' peerless little guard, been ill with the flu. With Archibald sidelined, Dick took the bigger and slower Guokas, as Sun Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons was sympathetic to Dick's reluctance to play head-to-head on his brother.

In a league dominated by players who run from swarthy to ebony, *one* Van Arsdale would be an anomaly. Fair-skinned, finely proportioned and well-chiseled, with blue eyes and bleached blond hair, they could make Fred Nietzsche's starting lineup. When they were juniors at Indiana, Warner Brothers saw their pictures in LIFE and offered them seven-year contracts, even though their only acting experience had been when they tried to draw offensive fouls.

The Van Arsdales have pulled off all the usual twin tricks. They fooled teachers, changed positions on their coaches and switched on their dates. But they are more similar than most twins. During high school in Indianapolis, Dick's grades averaged 7.909 out of a possible 8.0, and he graduated first in his class. Tom averaged 7.848 and finished third. Tom was president of the honor society and Dick vice-president. Through high school and college Dick averaged 16.9 points a game, Tom 16.7. In the NBA, Dick has outscored Tom by slightly more than one point per game, but this may be attributable to the fact that they play different positions for different teams.

From the time of their premature births on Feb. 22, 1943 (Tom is the older by 15 minutes) until they graduated from Indiana, they spent only two nights apart. Their toys were identical, and only after they left high school did they wear unlike clothes. "If we had orange juice for breakfast, Mom would measure the glasses precisely to make sure they contained the same amount," says Tom. "That way neither one of us would get mad at her."

The Van Arsdales' closeness almost knocked Tom out of the pros before he stepped on a court. Drafted in succession in 1965 at the beginning of the second round by New York and Detroit, the twins were separated for the first time when they left for their rookie camps. Tom quit the Pistons soon after

continued

DICK HAS TOM, NEITHER HAS THE TONI, BUT TOM HAS MORE BLEACH ON HIS HAIR



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and returned home with the excuse that he wanted to go to law school. He bought his law books but never went to class. "The sole reason for leaving Detroit was because Dick wasn't around," he recalled last week. "It was a case of acute loneliness. It was like when you have a girl friend in high school and for some reason you can't be with her. All you want is to be with her, and nothing else and no one else can make you happy. I called Dick in New York and he convinced me that things weren't going to be any better if I didn't play, so I went back to the Pistons."

The pervasive similarities of the Van Arsdales so intrigued one of their high school student teachers that she made a special study of them, part of it consisting of a questionnaire to be filled out independently. Their answers, except to the question, "What books have you read recently?" were the same, and many were worded almost identically. In response to "How do you feel about girls?" Tom wrote, "I like them, but I am not crazy about them," while Dick replied, "I like girls but don't go wild over them." Their feelings intensified shortly thereafter.

Milwaukee Buck Guard Jon McGlocklin, who roomed with the Van Arsdales throughout college, says, "It was phenomenal. It was psychic. They'd sometimes miss the same exam questions with the same wrong answers. And I know they weren't cheating."

Their relationship also gave rise to a sibling rivalry which might have been destructive had the boys not been a near perfect match in all they did. "We competed constantly in school and at all sorts of games, from kneeling Ping-Pong to basketball, and neither of us ever got the upper hand," says Dick. "All it did was cause a lot of fights."

"They'd start arguing about who was going to close the window in our room or something trivial like that," says McGlocklin. "It would immediately turn into a fight, and they'd pound each other on the chest and arms and maybe throw a few books around. Then one day when we were seniors, Tom, who had a much longer fuse than Dick, got really mad over something stupid. He said to me, 'Moose, will you please leave.' I got out of there, but as I turned, Dick came running right behind me and slammed the door. 'I'm not going back in,' he said. 'He's really mad.' "

Fraternal fisticuffs ended there, but years of furious competition had shaped their style on the basketball court. Unlike many other accomplished players who spent lonely hours practicing by themselves, Dick and Tom never had time for shooting in the backyard. There was always a one-on-one game to be played, and, since losing demanded a face-saving win in the post-game brawl, their games were based on getting percentage shots, barging in close for layups. As a result, they came to the NBA as fanatical drivers with poor outside shots. They have since become excellent outside shooters, but neither, particularly Dick, has shed his aggressiveness. Tom, who has been more frequently injured, is now less careless about his well-being, however. He has become more of a perimeter shooter than his brother, but by NBA standards he is still reckless.

"Determination is the biggest thing they have going for them," says Tom's coach, Bob Cousy. "They're fairly strong, but they're not particularly fast. It's the same old thing about attitude. There are plenty of guys in the league with more talent, but a lot of them just float on their ability, playing great one night and bad the next. But when you have an 82-game schedule, consistency is the key. Tom and Dick are always at a competitive peak, and I think in the long run you're probably better off with guys like them."

Age and circumstance have relegated the old sibling rivalry to occasional games of golf and tennis. According to Dick's wife Barbara, an accomplished amateur artist, the Van Arsdales have grown easier to tell apart now that they have let their hair grow and Dick has a little scar under his right eye from a cut he sustained earlier this season. But their ties remain unchanged. "We're very close," says Tom. "If anything happened to one of us, I don't know what the other would do. Every once in a while I think about those twins who played football, the McKeevers, and how one of them died. If that happened to Dick, I think my life would be ruined."

Last week's reunion began on Wednesday when Dick called Tom at his hotel room in Seattle and plans were made. Later that day, Tom convinced Cousy to change the team's travel plans so that the Royals would arrive in Phoenix four hours earlier than scheduled. Once Tom got to town, it was a quiet, comfortable time. Dick persuaded his brother to join him in his latest real-estate deal. There were errands to be run and old stories, most of them ribald, to be retold. And there was a lot of talk about the color of Tom's hair, which has not been trimmed since he and Dick were discharged from the National Guard in October. Said Dick, "In the summer, once in a while, I use this stuff called Sun In that turns your hair lighter in the sun while you play tennis or golf. But Tom takes the bottle and empties it all over his head. I think he's going a little wild."

Saturday's game lingered in the background. Until last November, the Van Arsdales had never started a game in which one of them was guarding the other. Early in their pro careers, Tom was a guard for the Pistons and Dick a forward for the Knicks. They both moved to their present teams four years ago and changed positions, but this year trades and injuries have often forced Tom to play in the Royals' backcourt. On Nov. 6 he guarded Dick for the first time and held him to 17 points. "Cousy asked me if it would bother me to guard Dick, and at first I told him, 'No,' " Tom said. "Then I changed my mind, but Cousy insisted. I really hate guarding Dick now. It's a touchy situation. I force myself to do it, but I don't really have any desire to stop him. I want to beat Phoenix, but I'd like to see Dick score 50 points."

The Royals were in disarray with Saturday's game only a few minutes old, and the Suns won going away, 117–95. Tom, it turned out, only guarded his brother for nine minutes before switching to forward. During that time, Dick scored seven points but twice was less than aggressive on fast breaks when he had the ball in position to drive. Both times he moved up on his brother, pulled to a halt and passed to another Sun cutting to the basket. Once free of each other, the Van Arsdales played their separate games well, Dick leading his team with 31 points and Tom his with 27.

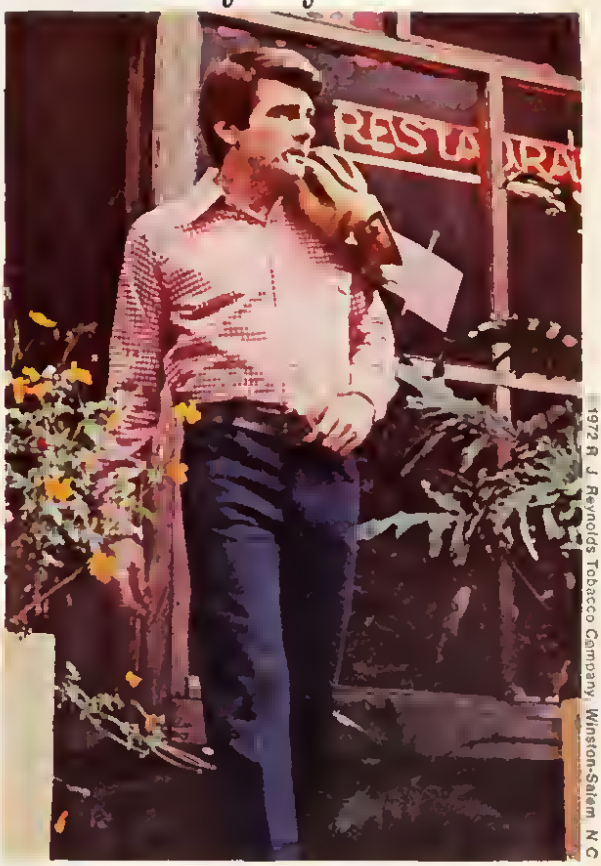
In a joint interview afterward, Tom was facetiously asked who is the better-looking of the two. "We usually say if we're asked who's the better player or who's smarter or something like that, that the other one is. But to answer *that* question that way would obviously be ridiculous." This may be true if it were possible to tell which one is Tom. **END**

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Lose a battle and a war

Nobody wins these athletic feuds, but it's always the fans who suffer

Imagine, if you will, Arnold Palmer finding out that he is no longer welcome at the Masters. That is the situation in the jolly world of tennis, where John Newcombe has been told he cannot defend his title at Wimbledon. Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall will not be there either, nor will all the other pros who are under contract to Lamar Hunt's World Championship of Tennis. The WCT players also will be absent at Forest Hills. In its annual meeting in Houston last week, the United States Lawn Tennis Association backed the position of the ILTF, banning contract pros from everything but their own tournaments.

One place where the contract pros were welcome last week was Philadelphia, where those two indefatigable tennis nuts, Marilyn and Ed Fernberger, staged their annual tournament, the U.S. Pro Indoor Tennis Championships, a formal name for what was essentially another in the series of WCT's 32-player events. There were few surprises. Rosewall, Laver, Tom Okker and Arthur Ashe, the top four seeds, marched resolutely into the semifinals, as scheduled.

Although the final, in which Laver beat Rosewall, was superb, the tennis at Philadelphia was often spotty, due in part to a list of injuries that would do credit to a football team. Newcombe is recovering from a pulled ligament in his right knee. Bob Maud played with a cast on his left arm. Charlie Pasarell had about 10 miles of bandages on his pulled right thigh. Tony Roche, out most of last year with pain in his left elbow, was back, but could only serve at three-quarter speed. Dennis Ralston's arthritic knees hurt so much he could not play.

The crowds were good, reflecting the ever-increasing interest in the sport, even if at times they were lost in the vastness of the Spectrum. The only thing really wrong with Philadelphia was that Stan Smith, Cliff Richey, Ilie Nastase and a few others among the world's best players were not on hand. Any tournament that is called the U.S. Pro Indoor Tennis Championships should have every leading pro on hand. Smith, Richey and the rest will be in Salisbury, Md. this week for the U.S. National Indoor Championships, another grand name, and the Laver crowd should be there too. But as long as the war between the ILTF and WCT continues, tennis fans will never see Smith against Laver, or Newcombe against Richey.

The current split is over money, although as Laver says, "I have the feeling they wouldn't let us back in any case. They want to end WCT." To explain the spat as briefly as possible, WCT felt it needed compensation—just how much seems to be a matter of disagreement in itself—from ILTF tournaments such as Wimbledon and Forest Hills if its players were to participate. Otherwise the prize money to be gained was not worth the two weeks each tournament requires. The ILTF hated the idea, but, needing the top players, it decided—for a while—to pay. However at Wimbledon last year it finally balked and, after a series of futile meetings with Hunt, it announced the ban on WCT players minutes before the Newcombe-Smith final. This meant the end of open tennis, even if the ILTF would not admit it at the time. "Our tournaments will still be open," said one official. "That is, open to all but a very few."

"If the ILTF had told Hunt it simply could not afford the expense money but that his players were always welcome, I think public sentiment would be on its side," says Rex Bellamy of *The Times* of London. "But by kicking them out, the ILTF has become the villain."

"It's stupid," says Newcombe, "but if they insist on it, I guess we don't go. And maybe if they open it up again next year, we won't go anyway."

When the announcement was made, few people believed a settlement would not be made before the next Wimbledon, which was, after all, a full year away. Now that year has dwindled down to four months, and, while WCT has a notable blank on its calendar from June 26 to July 8, the Hunt people are working at lining up tournaments in the U.S. during that time. Hunt himself recently flew to London to confer with Herman David of the All-England Club. David was surprised to discover that Hunt is seeking relatively little money from the ILTF—about $360 per player, or some $11,500 in all. At the time of the split it was reported that Hunt wanted closer to $25,000, and why this difference failed to come to light during the Wimbledon meetings is a mystery.

Should the ban continue, Wimbledon would probably not suffer from the absence of the WCT players except, as Newcombe points out, in prestige. "You can't continue to be the game's most prestigious tournament without the world's best players." Forest Hills is another matter. Joe Cullman, chairman of the board of Philip Morris, will withdraw sponsorship of the tournament, meaning $250,000, unless Forest Hills becomes open. CBS has canceled its contract; there was a "best efforts" clause requiring the USLTA to "secure the top players in the game." And Forest Hills is not the institution Wimbledon is. The miracle of Chris Evert saved the tournament last year when so many WCT players were absent, but another miracle this year is too much to expect.

As for Hunt, he is perfectly capable of going his own way, as the National Football League found out. Last year's 20-tournament tour proved successful. Now slight changes, dictated by television, should give WCT players enormous exposure. NBC will televise the finals of eight tournaments during the spring, including the championship between the eight point leaders, which will be held in May. Last year it was in November, and ultimately it was televised, wedged between Nebraska-Oklahoma on Thanksgiving Day and pro games on Sunday. NBC figures there will be less competition in May. To arrange this year's championship based on a 20-tournament schedule, WCT has had to use the results of the last 10 events of 1971, which means in effect they counted double, not the best arrangement. CBS will also tape an entire tournament in Hilton Head, S.C. and present one match each week, very much in the style of the CBS golf classic.

One USLTA official recently said that "the worst thing that could happen to

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the USLTA is for Lamar Hunt to throw in the towel and dissolve his World Championship of Tennis. What in the world would we do with all those players?" The same man went on to point out that the public is "more interested in upcoming young players such as Jimmy Connors," giving this as a reason why the USLTA would win the tennis war. Such statements border on the absurd. Even the casual tennis fan knows that most of Hunt's players—there are a few chronic losers—could make their way in an open market. True, Jimmy Connors is an appealing and talented young athlete, but don't be surprised if he is playing for WCT before long. It is rumored that the USLTA's kingpin, Stan Smith, has already made a commitment to Hunt, the formal announcement to come when Smith is mustered out of the Army. Lastly, WCT already has two of the most promising and attractive young players in the world, John Alexander, 20, and Jeff Borowiak, 22.

Borowiak provided the one major upset in Philadelphia last week, beating Newcombe 6–1, 5–7, 6–4 before losing to Okker in the quarterfinals. Borowiak is 6′ 3½″, has long dark hair which he keeps in place with a colorful headband, plays the piano well, was a music major at UCLA and carries a flute along on the tour. He joined the Hunt group late last year, not because of money but because "these were the best players in the world and I wanted to tighten my game." At a press conference after his Newcombe victory, he charmed the tennis writers with his introspective answers. The match had been extremely tense, and several times Borowiak had shown signs of nervousness. Had he been?

"I'd say it was awe," answered Borowiak. "After all, this was Newcombe, the Wimbledon champion. The feeling kept rushing to the surface in crucial moments. I was analyzing myself out there, wondering why?"

And, when someone asked him how he relaxed in his spare time: "I've found that there is no reliable system to insure relaxation." Finally, when there was a momentary lull between questions, Borowiak leaned back in his chair and said: "So, how long have you gentlemen been with the press?"

The tennis world is certain to see more of Jeff Borowiak. But for the moment, at least, not at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. **END**



Major Pete Dawkins, a man of



his times—of good days past and now of the present



All-America, All the Way

by FRANK DEFORD

He was in New York to attend a board meeting of the YMCA, and he was standing there, of all perfect places, under the Biltmore clock. There have been so many rowdy, bumptious years of change since he was an All-America, boy and halfback, but he was instantly recognizable. He does not look older; and, of course, the way things are in his line of work, his hair is not that much longer these days.

There is real comfort to be had waking up one fine, polluted, polarized morning and discovering that there still is a Biltmore clock and a YMCA and a Pete Dawkins. These things actually have survived. Perhaps each morning one last hero should be assigned to stand under the Biltmore clock so we can hear the ticks from the good old times, when peace and prosperity were both lit up at this end of the tunnel and the only shaggy-haired perverts were the four who

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were making noise in a Liverpool cellar.

Used to triggering such reveries, Dawkins suddenly dropped his smile and spoke almost plaintively. "Do me one thing," he said. "Just one thing. Don't treat me like just another piece of nostalgia. You know, I don't live in the '50s anymore, either."

The trouble with Pete Dawkins, All-America, is that despite his protests he is locked into time. In a professional era when great athletes are ongoing household names from puberty to pension, Dawkins' career seems to have lasted only somewhat longer than a halftime show and hardly as long as a twi-night doubleheader. So much of him was jammed into that glorious Eisenhower autumn of '58 that, like Conway Twitty, much of him must always remain there.

The other youthful stars of that year—Aaron, Unitas, Palmer, Shoemaker, Robertson and West—still ride shotgun across the sports pages. And those athletic eminences of '58 who have left the scene—Russell and Mantle, for instance—did not retire before spending the prescribed number of seasons as "aging veterans." Of course, they all took home a lot of money. Dawkins' trophy was his calendar year.



He was the very essence of that time, a period that prized humility, respect and clean-cutness from a silent generation. By now we have forgotten that those well-rounded, level-headed scholar-jocks who succeeded Dawkins—men such as Jerry Lucas, Terry Baker and Bill Bradley—were pale imitations of the original Joe Renaissance. There was nothing Dawkins was not, that dreamy senior year of his.

He was appointed First Captain of the Corps and elected class president. He was a Star Man, 10th in a class of 499, and accepted as a Rhodes scholar. He was captain of the football team, everyone's All-America, the nation's leading scorer and winner of the Heisman and Maxwell trophies.

It was written, first facetiously but gradually at face value, that it was unfortunate that Cadet Dawkins and General MacArthur could not have matriculated at the same time at the Academy since MacArthur would have made such a serviceable adjutant for Dawkins. There were so many New Testament metaphors applied to the young man that, it was reported, he grew sensitive at the sacrilege. After all, he was a former acolyte, a member of the cadet choir, and he collected the offering.

Dawkins could play six musical instruments, he was the highest-scoring collegiate hockey defenseman in the East, he had constructed his own hi-fi (as he had previously built his own Soapbox Derby vehicles) and he went about industriously lifting rocks when he had no quick access to his body-building weights. He was modest, had a sense of humor and made out all right with the honeys, too. Moreover, breathless journalists informed America that Dawkins was actually given to such State U. vernacular as "no sweat."

All accounts of Dawkins began by reporting how he had "conquered polio." He had, in fact, suffered a spot of the disease as a child, which had left him with a slight curvature of the spine, but the implication usually was that he had burst forth from a sideline iron lung midway through the Navy game.

In the Academy yearbook, his classmates wrote a truly incredible encomium, a reverent tribute that began simply: "We have stood in awe of this man." And ended: "We were not completely sagacious, but we knew a great leader, a great friend, a great man." It was left for Colonel Red Blaik, the coach, to say aloud what everyone else was whispering, that Cadet Dawkins was destined to be chief of staff of the United States Army.

And, oh yes, perhaps more than all these things, this too: at that time, 1958, professional soldiers were not popularly dismissed as blackguards. Soldiers were even generally considered to be quite respectable people.

Major Pete Dawkins, at home in faded blue jeans and boots, listening to the music of his friend Kris Kristofferson: "When I was studying at Princeton [at the Woodrow Wilson School, 1968-70], that was the most heated time of the war. People were very suspicious of me, of anyone military, though after a while some people would condescend to say: 'You know, you're really not like those soldiers.' That was supposed to be a big compliment. I'd reply: 'But don't you see, I am a soldier? I am what I am.' Nobody wanted to hear that. Nobody wanted to believe that it was their stereotype that was wrong. I didn't fit the popular stereotype, therefore I was out of place.

"Then one day during that same period at Princeton, somebody came up to me and said: 'You know, looking back, I think of you as the Bob Dylan of the '50s.' That's the greatest compliment I ever received."

Last January Dawkins' orders to return to Vietnam were pulled, and he was assigned to SAMVA, the office of the Special Assistant for the Modern Volunteer Army. SAMVA appears to be both a think tank and a lobby. On the one hand, it must make the new Army attractive for volunteers. On the other, it must convince the old Army (which is still the only Army) that modernization is not necessarily a sign of frailty, that the Republic will be safe even if doors are put on soldiers' toilet stalls.

Dawkins, if the truth be known, is not overly optimistic, but he tries. As soon as he settled himself at SAMVA, he wrote a couple of memos. The subject was hair, that is to say, the length of hair. "I simply maintained that we could not win over the hair issue," Daw-

kins says. As a reward for his interest he was taken along to a high-level briefing on the subject that General Westmoreland was conducting. Before Dawkins knew it, Westy had him up before the gathering posing as the military hair model. As Colonel Blaik predicted, the kid was really going places.

In the upper echelons of the Pentagon, some of the old soldiers still wax rhapsodic about the halcyon war years when any man in Army issue with a dandy regulation whiffle cut would be set upon by all available women, beside themselves at the very sight. It came as some surprise to a number of officers that a) this was no longer the case, and b) it had nothing to do with Communism.

Symbolically, nothing speaks more directly of declining military prestige than hair. At the time when Pete Dawkins entered the Army, the whole nation aped the military haircut, just as the whole nation—and not just the American Legion and defense contractors—cared deeply about the outcome of the Army-Navy football game. Now a military haircut is a source of shame. The PXs do a thriving wig business, and many of the most dedicated career men try to assuage their social embarrassment by letting their hair sprout some on top. Unfortunately, that only makes the wearer appear as if he had *submitted to one of* those two-bit Depression bowl cuts. Many of the most outstanding officers in the Pentagon look like members of *Our Gang*.

"You know," Dawkins began tentatively at another of the hair hearings, "it's not just the new recruits who want long hair like everyone else. It's my wife, for instance, and a lot of the wives of my friends, of good officers, who want to know why we can't have longer hair."

A bull general rose, horrified at this clear endorsement of henpeckery. "By God," he thundered, "do you mean, Major, that now the Army should be run by what a bunch of women want?"

Dawkins bowed his head, believing he had been defeated, but happily another general took a stand in his defense. "You know," he said, "the Army's in a lot of trouble these days, but it's nothing like the mess we could be in if all the women turn against us."

So the battle for longer hair turned; but how much longer? The debate raged. This long and that long, how long for hygiene, and how long for discipline; so long for white people, and so long for black people, and what about sideburns vis à vis ears, which is all the more complicated because hardly anyone is familiar with precise ear terminology except for lobes. (At West Point it is decreed that for Duty, Honor, Country sideburns must terminate at the top of the tragus, which sounds like something you should not be talking about in polite company.)

At the Pentagon the hair dilemma remained unresolved until Major Dawkins devised a strategy. His maneuver may not go down in tactics textbooks along with Jackson's Valley Campaign, but it was a bold stroke just the same. Major Dawkins suggested, "Let's not say how long the hair has to be. Let's just take pictures showing how long." Stunningly, the Dawkins Arrangement was accepted, giving him the honor of fathering the only visual—rather than verbal—regulation in the history of the U.S. Army.

"We must make changes in the Army, if only because everything is changing," Dawkins says. "Too many people in the Army still think that if we can just hold the line, be the last bastion of traditional America, that the country will come to its senses, get its hair cut and form up again around the Army." He shook his head at this hypothesis.

"You know, to much of the military, Vince Lombardi remains the greatest contemporary civilian hero. I believe that he was so genuine that his teams experienced a contagion for winning that overrode the exceptional demands that he placed on players. But I also believe that his methods—arbitrary and imposed—have become anachronistic. But Army people don't want to believe that. It is like, if you were a theologian, trying to apply things to the present that Reinhold Niebuhr said years ago. Possibly, Niebuhr and Lombardi would have had new approaches for this time. It is wrong to assume that their attitudes were ever intended to be pertinent today. Understand, I am not critical of the way Lombardi operated: I am critical of those who continue to hold this model reverently. I know Lombardi's methods will not succeed in the Army today, and I suspect they would have even less of a chance of succeeding in football.



"Kids demand room for expression in sports as much as in anything else. It may sound frivolous, but I don't believe that enough significance has been attached to the popularity of Frisbee. Think of it: it's the ultimate of its kind, a complete free form. There aren't any rules unless you make them up. The fact that so many people everywhere are devoted to such an unstructured sporting expression says something, I think."

In a poll of the 1971 Army football team to determine the players' sporting idol, Dick Butkus was the overwhelming choice.

Captain Dawkins, in 1966, while he was in Vietnam: "This is the big stadium. This is the varsity."

Pete and Judi Dawkins, and their children, Sean, 7, and Noel, 4, live a half-hour's commute from the Pentagon in one of those developments that has streets named for chic colleges. Their house is on Vassar. The Heisman Trophy is in the living room. Until this past year his parents kept it, but now Dawkins feels enough time has elapsed for the sculpture to become a period piece, so he has taken it on. Sean Dawkins has only one observation about it. "Nice carving," he says. Maybe somewhere a developer is naming streets after Heisman Trophy winners.

continued

Most career servicemen move so regularly that they invariably rent housing. The Dawkinses have bought their home, however, because Judi Dawkins comes from the Washington area, and she and the children will stay there when the major is shipped back to the Far East for a year. "It is not just that Pete has to go, like any other husband off on a long business trip," Mrs. Dawkins said. "It is that he might always be away from us." She means that he might be killed.

Dawkins was first posted to Vietnam in 1965. "We found out in '63 that Pete would have to go two years later," Mrs. Dawkins says, "but that didn't bother me at all, because of course I was perfectly sure that the war would be over by then, by 1965." She shrugs, smiling at the innocence of the time, not the irony.

Though the children are too young to know much, or care, about their father's profession, the Dawkinses have experienced something of the alienation the war has brought to many American families. Dawkins has an older brother Dale, who is an automobile executive; he also has a younger sister Sue, who is a full 10 years his junior, and an even younger brother Mike, now 18.

Mike was only five when Pete had his 1958, and he would toddle about in a sweater with a big, proud Army "A." But as Mike and his sister grew and the war wore on, they more often came to look upon their older brothers not as model successes but as the personification of the military-industrial complex, infiltrating their very family.

"One effect of the tragedy of Vietnam," Dawkins says, "was that the Army was profoundly baffled by the attitudes developing toward it. We didn't understand why we were blamed. The vast majority of soldiers, of lifers, viewed the war with no joy. Just a sense of responsibility.

"Guys picked up and left their families simply because events had occurred and their duty was advanced. Somehow, because of the nation's frustration, the attitudes of these men, our soldiers, were perverted to mean that most of them were opportunistic and self-seeking. Good God, would you want a military that shrank from combat when combat presented itself?"

The 20 men of SAMVA are assigned to the C-Ring of the Pentagon, an area where everyone uses the word "synthesis" profusely. The offices of SAMVA are well lighted; that much can be said for them. Three posters serve as the only decoration. One is an *Easy Rider* photo with Dennis Hopper providing a naughty hand signal. Another, over Dawkins' desk, is by Ben Shahn and carries the message: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. The third poster features a model posing as a t.t.u. soldier—a t.t.u. soldier is a tough, thoughtful, unarmed soldier—which is about the only breed of that cat the public will accept nowadays. Around SAMVA, only "synthesis" is heard more often than "tough, thoughtful, unarmed."

Dawkins, having spent much of his career studying at Oxford and Princeton, teaching at West Point and on policy assignments in Saigon and Washington, is, obviously, very much a living, breathing t.t.u. soldier. He did win an array of impressive medals for his courage in Vietnam, but he does not wear them as a rule, limiting himself to the most austere ornamentation and, of course, his West Point ring. Other officers know Academy graduates as "ring knockers."

The higher up Dawkins moves (and his promotion to lieutenant colonel has been approved), the more scrutiny he will receive. Already, old-line lifers, in from another bivouac, grumble about Dawkins' pantywaist desk tours, and an Iowa Congressman once rose on the floor of the House to protest that the Government was paying for Dawkins' fancy book learning.

Nevertheless, Dawkins is escorted by two totems as he ascends the hierarchy, and one is his football reputation—or, anyway, his overall cadet fame that was founded on the playing fields. In a business that treasures tradition, Dawkins is tradition on the hoof. Moreover, his celebrity gives him a potential outside the military that translates to leverage within. Says Major Josiah Bunting, a close friend who is a novelist and a history professor at West Point: "If ever a time comes when Pete is faced with compromising his principles, he can always say, 'O.K., I'll go be a Senator instead.' Now how can they handle that?"

In fact, most people wonder why he bothers to keep tilling the feudal Army soil. Says Kris Kristofferson, the songwriter, who was also a Rhodes scholar and a combat helicopter pilot: "It used to bewilder me why someone with Pete's intelligence and charisma would stay in the Army. I have such tremendous respect for him. But he sold me. Look at it this way: it's great just to have someone like Pete Dawkins in the military."

Dawkins' biggest edge, however, comes from his contemporaries who have stayed in the service and continue to hold him in awe. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas sits in the middle of the country, and, in the insular manner of most Army posts, in the middle of nowhere as well; the denizens refer to "the outside world." Leavenworth is a large post, and it can be an important one, too, a crucial station for rank-conscious young officers.

A lanky career major, Ranger and Airborne and bowl-cut, drew on his cigarette. "Sure, you find it here at Leavenworth, you find it anywhere in the Army," he said. "There is always a certain amount of resentment about Dawkins—you know, the glory boy. It comes especially from guys like myself who didn't go to the Point. Everybody knows he did only one tour of Vietnam, but that he got special attention from the press. He's on the 5% [early promotion] list, but he hasn't had to get all his tickets punched, like everybody else. But you see, every time this comes up, there's always somebody around who was with Dawkins at the Point or somewhere, and they say, 'Hey listen, he's special, he really is, and the Army would be crazy to make him go through the same garbage as everybody else.' "

The major put out his cigarette on his boot and intently field-stripped it. "You know," he said after a while, "that's a helluva thing when you think about it, when you realize that kind of talk comes from his rivals, so to speak."

Jonathan Swift, in *Gulliver's Travels*: "A soldier is a Yahoo hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can."

Dawkins, stuck in rush-hour traffic near the Pentagon: "The military is never so evil as some would have it, nor so gallant as others. If you do believe that

continued

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we live in a world where we can abdicate forces, then yes, obviously, the Army is a caricature. But if you read the tea leaves of history, one is obliged to believe that we cannot possibly get by without a competent military force, that we cannot achieve decisions other than in consonance with a military reality."

Defense Attorney Barney Greenwald in Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*: "See, while I was studying law 'n' old Keefer here was writing his play for the Theatre Guild, and Willie here was on the playing fields of Princeton, all that time these birds we call regulars—these stuffy, stupid Prussians in the Navy and the Army—were manning guns. . . . Of course, we figured in those days, only fools go into armed service. Bad pay, no millionaire future, and you can't call your mind or body your own. Not for sensitive intellectuals . . . [but] a lot of them are sharper boys than any of us, don't kid yourself, best men I've ever seen, you can't be good in the Army or Navy unless you're goddamn good."

Dawkins at 33 is a trim 6′ 2″ with large sloping shoulders. He moves with purpose at all times at what may be described as an organized lope. Tennis is his sport now, although he began playing it just two years ago. He took up skiing a while back and was winning slalom races before the snows were gone. If anything, he took longer to master football than any other game. Baseball was his best high school sport. He scored 19 runs in his first cricket game, he made the West Point hockey varsity shortly after he picked up a stick and he earned his Oxford blue in rugby only eight weeks after he first saw a scrum.



In football, though, Dawkins was nothing special in prep school, a weak-passing left-handed plebe quarterback and a fifth-string sophomore halfback. He was a starter as a junior but merely the other halfback; Bob Anderson was the All-America. It was as if they were saving 1958 for Dawkins. He started off with four touchdowns in the opener, Army never lost, and all along Dawkins drew an inordinate amount of publicity because of the Lonely End formation. Colonel Blaik, nobody's fool when it came to destiny, just upped and quit after 25 years of coaching following that season.

West Point makes it especially easy for Dawkins to haunt Saturday afternoons. There is still a ring dance in the fall at the Academy, a formal, no less, with corsages. The lettermen wear dated little malt-shop zipper jackets with those big fuzzy A's on them—no sweat. Pep rallies are fervent large productions, and football players are treated with deference by their classmates. The Academy chaplain, the Rev. James Ford, thinks it's helpful to hire former football stars as preaching assistants.

"It's important to have a winning attitude," says Colonel William Schuder, the director of athletics who was First Captain of the Corps in 1947, a classmate of Davis and Blanchard. "It's one of the things that encourages a young man to try the Army as a career. You can't have an Army with a losing image."

In support of this widespread notion, bad news has no place at West Point, and, like PDA (public display of affection), simply is not tolerated on the premises. When the superintendent was removed last year to face trial for having concealed war atrocities, the cadets were ordered to go mill under his window as a spontaneous warm tribute. When the football team went 1-9-1 in 1970, the Academy yearbook declared: "It can truthfully be said that bad breaks prevented us from enjoying another successful season." It can also truthfully be said that this is the same rationale which gave us fanciful body counts all these years, too.

The first of Dawkins' classmates to die in Vietnam fell in January 1963, when the present plebes were in the fourth grade. It has been that long that the funeral barrages have been cracking above the Hudson, and almost that long that the Army has wrestled with its soul and the Academy has fought to preserve the middle word—Honor—in the motto it venerates. "It's particularly hard to be an artist as a soldier," Dawkins says, "and if you do have pride, life is trying to be an artist in your job. But being a soldier must always be a derivative value. There is no absolute value in performing the soldier's manifest task: that is, killing. A soldier's life can only draw value from the society that gives it meaning, by preserving those qualities that society believes are worth preserving. The Army must always gain a sense in itself that derives from the public."

When Dawkins first set out to be a soldier in the summer of '55, that sense was easy to behold. A military man, the absolute t.t.u. soldier, sat in the White House, presiding over the nation's massive deterrent. The star-spangled heroisms of Iwo Jima and The Bulge were only a decade past, and the soupy words from the general the civilian bad fired had hardly left the top of the Hit Parade: *Old Soldiers Never Die*. It was so easy to want to be a young soldier then.

"You must remember those times," Dawkins says. "I was so ripe for it all. I was obnoxiously headstrong. I'd show them. I was just 17. I had guys in my plebe class who were 21. I never would have taken that crap they threw at us if I had been 21. But everything up at the Point was right for me the summer when I was 17."

No one at the Academy likes to believe that the supply of quality plebes may have diminished in these times less congenial to military evangelism. "We still get those typical red-blooded American kids who have wanted to come here since they were eight or 10 years old," says Brigadier General John Jannarone, the academic dean. Obviously, the gen-

eral does not mean it exactly this way, but implicit in that assertion, one often voiced, is the fact that the U.S. Military Academy is largely inhabited by young men who have not been moved by the events of the 1960s. Certainly, to see Dawkins return to a football game is not so much to watch him come back to West Point but to watch him come back to 1958.

In the huge mess hall the air is feverish with glory be. Nothing seems forced; it is for real. The occasion: Army plays Rutgers tomorrow. That Rutgers has not been a gridiron juggernaut since it won the lidlifter in stocking caps a century ago is of small moment. Army is meeting *somebody* in football.

The band plays rugged martial music, interspersed with lively modern pop. As the meal nears an end, some cadets, as if suddenly infested with demons, climb on their chairs, take off their jackets and wave them like banners, around and around over their heads. This is a tradition.

Other cadets sit backward on their chairs and bounce them about, yelling like banshees, as if they were astride cavalry stock. In one wing of the hall, masters of the art start hurling cakes 30 feet into the air. It is announced that Army has this day defeated Rutgers in 150-pound football, and the hall explodes with cheers that, surely, could not have been rendered any louder or with more pride on the day the word came in that both Gettysburg and Vicksburg were won.

Dawkins, his chest ablaze with ribbons, marches out of the hall, looking self-conscious, as the cadets give him the once-over. "He's still top priority around here," says Bob Antwerp, First Captain of the Corps. There are not many celebrities, never mind heroes, left in the U.S. Army of 1971.

Outside, in the chill winter air, cheerleaders are setting up a rally on a balcony of Washington Hall. The cadets begin to gather below in the courtyard. A cheerleader offers a rocket cheer as something of a benediction, then cries: "We got a super guest star here tonight."

The cheerleaders proceed next with a skit, which ends in a jousting match between the Scarlet Knight of Rutgers

continued



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("Hey, youse guys, I'm from Rutgers, New Joisey") and a Black Knight of the Hudson—who is, however, carefully identified as a janitor, not a cadet. This dramatic device is employed so that the Scarlet Knight can win the joust and gain rights to the beautiful Rapunzel without shaming the corps. But, alas, the Scarlet Knight is incapable of climbing up to the buxom lady's lair, which sets the stage for the guest star.

General George C. Marshall. "I have a secret and dangerous mission. Send me a West Point football player."

Cheerleader: "So who could be more worthy of this fair damsel than ST. PETER DAWKINS!?!?!?!"

On cue, from the back of the courtyard, there is a tragus-shattering roar, and the beam from an unmuffled mighty motorcycle begins to lurch about. On the cycle, dressed in a silver lamé helmet, large yellow sunglasses, fatigues and boots, is a cadet obviously playing (broadly, to the crowd) the role of the largely mythical St. Peter Dawkins. The chopper caroms about the crowd, at last finds a path to the stage and zooms toward it.

It screeches to a halt at a ladder, and the Dawkins character leaps toward the balcony stage, with, suddenly, the strains of *Jesus Christ Superstar* swelling to crescendo. On the balcony he removes his helmet and glasses and fatigue jacket, revealing a red, white, and blue, stars-and-stripes Captain America shirt underneath. He also reveals one more thing: that the actor playing the part of St. Peter Dawkins is none other than Major Peter Dawkins.

To the throaty cries of, "Give me some skin," Dawkins smiles brazenly and pulls off his shirt, to stand there, bare-chested in the freezing night. This is another tradition, and Dawkins decides to take it one step further. "O.K., we'll find out the ones who really have spirit," he howls into the microphone. "Everybody, take off your shirts."

In the bitter cold, only a few at first comply. Even for cadets with winning attitudes, there are, after all, some discernible differences between Rutgers and Notre Dame, especially as they relate to creature comforts. But Dawkins keeps after them with the oldtime religion. "The thing that this corps has got to do for the football team is take off their shirts together." In the face of this logic, more in the crowd strip, clutching their biceps and jumping about to stir up circulation.

At last, when only a few misfits remain clothed, Dawkins rears back with a zealot's patter. "One way, one corps, together, always!" he cries with a frightening fervor, ravishing the crowd with frenzy. If, on that balcony, it had not been just Pete Dawkins carrying on but Patton himself firing off his handguns, Sergeant York turkey-gobbling, U.S. Grant taking a Breathalyzer test and Nathan Hale being executed half a dozen times, the audience could not have responded more wildly.

In bedlam, the cadets pile onto each other's frozen shoulders, waving their undershirts and shouting, "Go Rabble!" There is so much shirt waving that, in the spotlight beam, lint particles fall like a heavy snowstorm. The cadets settle down to listen, chattering and slapping at their goose pimples, as Dawkins assures them how special they are and how vital their cheers will be in determining the outcome of the game.

A few days later a visitor made the idle comment to an Army lineman named Jay Kimmitt that the rally had been "quite a scene." Kimmitt, otherwise a most cordial young man, suddenly became testy and on edge. "I wouldn't call it a scene, sir," he snapped. And, well, this much we do know: Army beat hell out of Rutgers.

MacArthur was talking of games and wars when he expressed this homily, adapted from Wellington. It is displayed in a prominent place in the gym, as if to prove that sports have a solid vocational tie-in with battles and are thus deserving of the taxpayers' largesse: "Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that, upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory."

Dawkins may have been a better soldier in Vietnam for having played football. Bill Carpenter may have had the courage to call napalm down near himself because he had learned, as the Lonely End, how to stand out there naked and vulnerable and still make the right moves and judgments. Maybe these things do count. Don Holleder, another West Point All-America of that period, was killed in Vietnam, and someone once said that Holleder and a couple of journalists were the only *names* ever to be killed in that war.

Imagine that. *names*. This is not a MacArthur time anymore; certainly not so much as it is a McLuhan time. Dawkins' roommate used to tell him: "You're the figment of a sportswriter's imagination," and Dawkins, laughing, reveals that the press "homogenized me." No matter, really: he is close enough to being what he has been portrayed as. Besides, it is not significant in his case whether or not he learned to react or think fast when midway between the sideline stripes. What is important is that Dawkins was ordained a celebrity for his part in the friendly strife.

One military expert blithely writes that Dawkins is "the most highly regarded young officer in the Army, the surest bet there is for chief of staff in the 1980s," and surely Dawkins would have reached this estate had he never played a down of football. But he profits that he did, and when he did—and not just like some other Whizzer White or Jack Kemp or Vinegar Bend Mizell. Sporting successes certainly helped those men demonstrably because they gained exposure in the stadiums; but exposure is just the stuff of TV spots these days.

Dawkins is defined in quite different terms. As the Army has fallen to its low ebb, it has come to mean a great deal to many people that Pete Dawkins ran wild as the leaves changed above Michie Stadium that autumn of his, 1958—and that he is still there on the team. At the age of 33, damned if he isn't a symbol.

A colonel's wife, sitting across the crowded living room from Dawkins, was on the defense about the Army for no good reason, except perhaps that she has become accustomed to that stance. "Only the bad, that's all you ever hear," she exclaimed. "Is that fair?" She suddenly thrust out her hand and pointed toward Dawkins. "Why do people think he stays in after all that has happened? He could do anything on the outside. Anything. Doesn't that mean something that Pete Dawkins stays in the Army? They all remember him.

"Good God, at least they still remember Pete Dawkins, don't they?" **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 8-14

BASKETBALL—NBA Fast-breaking Boston, tops in the Atlantic Division, streaked to nine wins in a row with a 128–123 victory over Seattle as John Havlicek popped in 42 points, a 139–112 rout of Buffalo and a 121–108 defeat of Los Angeles in which four Celtics scored more than 20 points, led by reserve Don Nelson's 24. It was the first victory by Boston over the Lakers, runaway leaders in the Pacific Division, in four meetings this season and broke an eight-game LA winning streak. The Lakers had taken three in a row earlier in the week, including a 151–127 walloping of Baltimore that saw LA score 87 points in the second half. Milwaukee, snugly in first place in the Midwest by 4½ over Chicago, lost only to the Knicks, 113–107, in four games, while hapless Baltimore, the Central leader with a 24-33 record, lost four in a row to extend its losing streak to seven. Happily for the Bullets, the other three teams in the division—Atlanta, Cincinnati and Cleveland—all kept pace with four losses apiece.

ABA The biggest move in the league was made by New York, which unofficially opened its new $28 million coliseum with a game against Pittsburgh. "It feels like getting into a bathroom with fine plumbing after being in an outhouse," said veteran Guard Bill Melchionni after the Nets, led by Rick Barry's 45 points, defeated the Condors 129–121. The biggest mystery was the whereabouts of high-scoring Carolina rookie Jim McDaniels, who did not show up for a game with Denver and was immediately suspended. Rumor had it he was unhappy with his $3 million contract. On the court, Kentucky upped its East lead to 10½ games with two wins, including a 118–106 rout of the Nets as Louie Dampier hit his first 13 shots, one short of the ABA record, and Utah pushed its West lead to 5½ games with three in a row.

BOXING—Two-time world heavyweight champion FLOYD PATTERSON tripped, sprawled and stumbled before rallying in a unanimous 10-round decision over inept Oscar Bonavena at New York's Madison Square Garden. "I am not happy about the way I won it," said the 37-year-old Patterson, who is in his 20th year as a pro, "but winning was excuse enough to justify my continuing fighting."

GOLF—BOB ROSBURG took the 90-hole $145,000 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif. with a 344, one stroke over Lanny Wadkins.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL, with rookies Guy Lafleur and Ken Dryden leading the way, won three in a row and moved within five points of second-place New York in the East. The Canadiens took Vancouver 4–2, bombed Chicago 7–1 as Dryden turned back 39 shots and Lafleur scored his third hat trick of the season, and edged Los Angeles 6–5 on Lafleur's goal with 22 seconds to play. NEW YORK let Toronto off the hook by giving up two third-period goals after leading 2–0, whacked Chicago 4–1 for the first Ranger victory over an established team since Dec. 26, and walloped Pittsburgh 8–3 on Walt Tkaczuk's five assists and Brad Park's three goals. Bumbling Buffalo embarrassed Boston by running up a 6–0 lead in two periods en route to an 8–2 win that broke the Bruins' 13-game unbeaten streak. But Boston came back to defeat Vancouver 9–1 as Robby Orr got three assists and a goal and beat the Sabres 5–1 in a return match to extend its unbeaten home string to 21 games and its East lead to nine points. West leader Chicago beat runner-up Minnesota 5–0 on Tony Esposito's seventh shutout of the season, then dropped two and tied one while the North Stars won three straight to climb within nine points of first.

HORSE RACING—Bill Shoemaker gained his 551st stakes victory, three short of Eddie Arcaro's career record, when he rode UNCONSCIOUS ($10.40) to a neck win over Triple Bend in the $130,300 Charles H. Strub Stakes at Santa Anita.

TENNIS—ROD LAVER defeated Ken Rosewall 4–6, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2 in the finals of the U.S. Professional Indoor tournament in Philadelphia (*page 65*).

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE PREFONTAINE took the two-mile run in 8:26.6 at the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games (*page 52*).

Two world records were set at the USTFF indoor championships in Houston as ROD MILBURN clipped one-tenth of a second off the 120-yard-hurdles mark with a 13.4, edging Willie Davenport, the former record holder, by a step, and CLIFF IRRANCH equaled the 100-yard-dash mark of 9.3 seconds. Running on the five-lap Astrodome track, the ILLINOIS two-mile relay team was clocked in 7:19.8. GEORGE YOUNG won the two-mile run in 8:28.1 and EDESEL GARRISON zipped to a 45.7 in the 440.

Another world indoor record fell when MARK WINZENRILO was clocked in 2:05.1 in the 1,000, breaking Ralph Douhell's 1970 mark by four-tenths of a second, at the Mason-Dixon Games on Louisville's eight-lap track. In other events, MEL PENDER edged Dr. Delano Meriwether in the 70-yard dash as both were timed in 6.9 and SCOTT WALLICK reached 17' ½" in the pole vault.

Finishing off the week's spate of world records, HERB WASHINGTON lowered the 60-yard-dash mark from 5.9 to 5.8 and MARSHALL DILL ran the 300 in 29.5, three-tenths of a second better than Bill Hurd's four-year-old mark, on the Tartan Turf track at the Michigan State Relays in East Lansing, Mich.

WINTER OLYMPICS—DIANNE HOLUM and ANNE HENNING gained gold medals for the U.S. in speed-skating events, while BARBARA COCHRAN picked up an unexpected gold in the women's slalom at the XI Winter Games in Sapporo (*page 10*).

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED To baseball's Hall of Fame, by a special committee on the Negro leagues, Catcher JOSH GIBSON, who died of a stroke at 35, and First Baseman BUCK LEONARD, 64, called the Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig of black baseball when both were teammates on the Homestead (Pa.) Grays. The legendary Gibson, perhaps baseball's best catcher and strongest hitter, is said to have hit 623 home runs, including 84 in one season, in a 17-year career that started in 1930. "Nobody hit the ball as far as Gibson," said Leonard. "Josh was the greatest hitter I ever pitched to, and I pitched to everybody," said Satchel Paige. The smooth-fielding Leonard played from 1933 to 1955 and had a career average in the high .300s, with a few seasons over .400.

ELECTED To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, Kansas City Chief Owner LAMAR HUNT, 39. Defensive End GINO MARCHETTI, 38, Running Back OLLIE MATSON, 41, and Quarterback CLARENCE (Ace) PARKER, 58. Hunt founded the AFL in 1960 and was a prime mover for merger with the NFL in 1966. Parker, a fine passer, played only seven seasons but was all-league twice (1938 and 1940) with the Brooklyn Dodgers and the league's MVP in 1940. Matson, who combined power and speed in scoring 73 touchdowns as a runner and pass receiver for 14 seasons (1952-1966), was an all-league back four straight years (1956-59) with the Chicago Cardinals and Los Angeles Rams. Marchetti, voted the NFL's all-time defensive end, revolutionized the play of his position by adding finesse to brute strength. In his 14 seasons (1952-1966), he was named all-league seven times with the Baltimore Colts.

RETIRED. HANK SOAR, 57, an American League umpire since 1950 (only Jim Honochick is his senior, by one year), to become an assistant to Dick Butler, league supervisor of umpires.

DIED. Kansas City utility infielder CHICO RUIZ, 33; in an automobile accident near San Diego. Ruiz played so infrequently (565 games) in his eight seasons with Cincinnati and California that when he broke a leg in one of his rare appearances on the bases, his wife reportedly asked, "What happened? Did you fall off the bench?" Ruiz gained a small measure of big-league fame by refining benchsitting to an art, with the Reds he sat on a folding chair in the dugout, while on the road he carried a comfortable cushion inscribed, "Ruiz Bench Special." His only moment in the headlines came last season when he was alleged to have pulled a pistol on the Angels' troubled Alex Johnson.

CREDITS

11—Jerry Cooke, Neil Leifer; **12**—Jerry Cooke, Neil Leifer; **13**—Jerry Cooke, Neil Leifer, **14**—Eric Schweikardt; **17**—Sport & General; **26**—Coles Phinizy; **38-45**—Walter Iooss Jr. **46**—AP, UPI, **52**—Sheedy & Long **57**—Sheedy & Long **79**—Jim Elder, Cincinnati Inquirer

FACES IN THE CROWD



TODD LUGAR, a fourth-grader at Spring Mill Elementary in Indianapolis, is ranked Indiana's No. 1 (10 and under) and No. 3 (12 and under) tennis player. Todd was leading scorer on his football team and was named a league all-star in basketball and baseball.



DIANA TIMBERLAKE, of Alexandria, Va., and three other members of the all-women's East Tennessee State rifle team set 15 national records, including a 4,563 x 4,800 women's full-course mark, in defeating the all-male Marine team in a meet at Quantico, Va.



WALTER LUCKETT, a 6' 5" senior guard for Kolbe High in Bridgeport, Conn. who is averaging 42 points, 16 rebounds and 11 assists a game, is the second-highest scorer in New England schoolboy history. His high for a game this season was 53 points.



YVON DUHAMEL, 32, of Valcourt, Quebec, won the St. Paul Winter Carnival "500" International Snowmobile Marathon from Winnepeg to St. Paul. He covered the 550-mile-plus (four daily legs) cross-country course in 13 hours, 25 minutes and 57 seconds.



DIANNE CAMPBELL, a 5' 6" senior forward on the Claude (Texas) High girls' basketball team, the defending state Class A champions, tossed in 100 points in a 106–19 romp over Clarendon High. It was Dianne's sixth time over 40 points this season.



STEVE FEHR, a junior at Cincinnati's Oak Hills High, who carries a 202 bowling average, rolled a 218-278-278—774 three-game series in a Senior Boys League match. Steve has been bowling only four years but threw a 290 game in league play earlier in the season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE MINNESOTA AFFAIR

Sirs:

I would like to make it perfectly clear that as athletic director of the University of Minnesota I do not condone the acts of physical violence and crowd reaction that led to early termination of the Ohio State-Minnesota basketball game in Williams Arena on Jan. 25. In fact, I deeply regret them. This was the first time in more than 80 years of University of Minnesota basketball that a game here had gotten beyond the control of officials.

I must however, strongly protest the reporting of William F. Reed (*An Ugly Affair in Minneapolis*, Feb. 7). Any reaction from Minnesota fans in the waning moments of the game is far overshadowed by the nationwide reaction he has precipitated by his highly inflammatory rhetoric and strongly biased editorializing to the discredit and detriment of the university, its athletic department, its basketball program and Coach Bill Musselman.

Reed cites as the pith of Musselman's philosophy *the* message, "*Defeat is worse than* death because you have to live with defeat." This slogan is not original with Musselman. It is one of more than a dozen slogans in the dressing room. Strangely enough, no one had seen fit to point it out as objectionable until Reed used it to his own purpose.

Careful study of three different movie film versions of the Bob Nix-Luke Witte incident at halftime clearly show Witte passing Nix (who was standing still) and deliberately clipping him in the face so hard his head snapped back. Two players and *an* assistant coach rushed to call this to the attention of the officials, but they were ignored. Reed states: "Later, Musselman claimed that was the incident that incited his players." The Minnesota players unanimously concur. In the dressing room at halftime Musselman counseled his squad, "Try to forget it. Let's concentrate on winning."

Reed also writes, "When Ohio State Guard Dave Merchant moved in on a retreating [Corky] Taylor, Jim Brewer hit Merchant with a combination of punches and then, along with [Clyde] Turner, chased him down the sideline." Brewer did take after Merchant, but before he as much as touched him, he was knocked to the floor by two onrushing Ohio players.

Reed describes the whole incident as "a cold, brutal attack, governed by the law of the jungle." Representatives of the black community have taken an active interest in the affair and deeply resent this as a thoroughly distasteful slur on their race. I must agree.

Reed next goes on to say, "Musselman made no attempt to stop the fight and showed no remorse afterward." Any set of films will clearly show Bill Musselman, a full nine inches shorter than Clyde Turner, making every possible physical effort to restrain him. Afterward, Musselman tried to speak to Fred Taylor outside their dressing rooms but was rejected by words that could not be put into print. Obviously Mr. Reed chose not to make note of this. Musselman also went to the university hospital where he apologized to Mark Minor and talked to Assistant Coach Bob Burkholder. He further checked with the chief of surgery on the condition of the players.

We ask how can Reed and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED justify his misrepresentation of the facts?

PAUL GIEL

Minneapolis

● The facts speak for themselves. First, Reed did not say that Luke Witte was blameless and he quoted Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke's conclusion that only in the Witte-Nix incident "were charges of excessive physical contact against Ohio State's players at all justified." Next, TV film strips clearly show that *before* Jim Brewer and Clyde Turner chased Ohio State Guard Dave Merchant down the sideline, they took punches at him and knocked him to the floor. As for the term "law of the jungle," the dictionary defines it as "a system or mode of action in which the fittest survive . . ." and it has no racial connotation. Finally, Musselman's reaction in his postgame interview with SI's reporter and other members of the press was anything but remorseful.—ED.

Sirs:

I saw the filmed account of the Corky Taylor-Ron Behagen attack on Luke Witte on a TV news program and was appalled. I read William Reed's account and was further appalled to discover that Commissioner Duke had concluded that Taylor's was an "unsportsmanlike act" and that the Minnesota Athletic Senate had decided to suspend Taylor and Behagen only until Feb. 15. I am most appalled, however, to find that these two are not in jail.

CHARLES LOIACONO

Hicksville, N.Y.

Sirs:

William F. Reed's account of the Minnesota-Ohio State fracas was nearly as emotional as the game itself. The violent behavior of several Minnesota players was shocking enough, but perhaps even more revolting are the hypocrisy and self-righteousness exhibited by some Ohioans and their apologists.

Luke Witte should not have been manhandled as he was, of course, but neither he nor those who regard him as a martyr should have expected that he could forever use his elbows for fists with impunity.

JOHN WUFELER

St. Paul

Sirs:

You say Bill Musselman's philosophy "generated the tension that exploded into violence" (SCORECARD, Feb. 7). I say that Bill Musselman's philosophy is basically no different from that of any coach who wants to win. The ability to "psych up" players, to motivate them, is generally looked upon with envy and admiration by fans and coaches alike.

Your attempt to transfer the blame for the brawl from the individuals directly involved to the coach and university officials was misdirected. *The real responsibility for* this pathetic and shameful fight lies with society itself. The all-encompassing emphasis that we have placed on winning in major college athletics has distorted our sense of values. The "victory at all costs" philosophy comes not from Musselman but from us. How often does SI feature a team that is not a winner? How many Coach of the Year awards are given to losers? How many losing coaches find themselves looking for another job? Bill Musselman cannot be condemned for doing well what we have all asked him to do—*produce a winner*.

J. MICHAEL DALY

Minneapolis

Sirs:

As one who covered Big Ten sports for 35 of my 45 years in the newspaper business, may I commend SI for complete candidness in connection with the disgraceful brutality of Minnesota players and fans in the assault on Ohio State's athletes? But let me also declare that this is a new trend under Coach Bill Musselman of the Gophers. I have covered a variety of sports at Minneapolis without ever witnessing anything remotely approaching this frightfulness. An immediate formal apology from President Malcolm Moos, or at least from Coach Musselman, should have been forthcoming as a matter of course. None was.

JACK CLOWSER

Cleveland

Sirs:

Having analyzed the videotape of the Ohio State-Minnesota melee, both in slow mo-

continued



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tion and stop action, I most certainly agree with William F. Reed's account of the events of that game. However, his verbiage reminds me of how Jefferson Davis might have described the Civil War. He cast Ohio State as a modern-day Joan of Arc and Minnesota as the most odious villain since Dillinger.

It takes two to make a fight, and while I find what happened at Williams Arena most deplorable, I insist that Musselman wears no horns and Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor wears no halo.

BILL DAVIS
Sports Department
WISN-TV
Milwaukee

Sirs:

There is precedence to support the philosophy that "defeat is worse than death," but the Gopher basketball coach (and other adherents) should be reminded that the vanquished are supposed to kill themselves, not the victors.

ROBERT PEASE
Ventura, Calif.

JERRY WEST

Sirs:

Your Feb. 7 article on Jerry West (*A Teddy Bear's Picnic*) was a fine tribute to an exceptional athlete. The success he has enjoyed and the recognition he has received are remarkable in the light of the adversity he has encountered.

But I found your story significant for another reason. In a basketball season tainted by incidents such as the one involving the Ohio State-Minnesota game, the character and strength of Jerry West is timely indeed. Too often ugly incidents such as this one cloud the public's view of the sport. Jerry West's classic jump shot and, regrettably, Luke Witte being kneed and stomped, are the public sides of basketball. But in your article on West you have described the unseen and equally important elements of the game: the frustrated super effort by West in the '69 NBA finals, the congratulations and affection from opponents, the locker-room jive. Any boy who has played basketball knows these things well. You are right, we do identify with Jerry West.

RANDY ST. CLAIR
Salina, Kans.

Sirs:

Frank Deford's splendid article on Jerry West was a revealing excursion into the private as well as the professional world of one of my favorite people. I doubt if there ever has been an athlete in professional sport who has so consistently responded to pressure situations or performed as well in clutch games as West. It is readily apparent why Jerry is held in such high esteem by other

continued

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HAROLD CHRISTENSEN

San Francisco

Sirs:

Being a fan of the Lakers since they came to Los Angeles, and being of Mexican-American descent, I strongly resent your statement that the fights may be Jerry's "favorite event of all since he can usually attend them without anybody bothering him. The paying customers are Chicanos and don't know Jerry West from Gump Worsley from Birch Bayh." All my friends, great Laker fans, would most certainly know Jerry from Gump and Birch, and your racist implication that Mexicans do not know any sport other than boxing did nothing but turn me off to your magazine.

BARBARA RIOS

Santa Susana, Calif.

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

Sirs:

I commend Mark Mulvoy for his fine article concerning our St. Louis Blues (*Old Sarge Becomes a General*, Jan. 31). The consensus is that the fracas in Philadelphia provided the Blues with a good shot in the arm, although this dosage could have been administered in a more subdued and less dramatic manner. Needless to say, it was Coach Al Arbour who injected the team with the subtle spirit that was finally displayed at the Philadelphia game. In addition to Arbour's brilliant coaching ability, the Blues' management has fared well in the way of trades. Sid the Third's exchange for Jack Egers, Andre Dupont and Mike Murphy has proved invaluable to the Blues' lineup.

KAREN HALTERKAMP

St. Louis

Sirs:

I will agree that Bob and Bill Plager, Phil Roberto, Garry Unger, Jack Egers and Mike Murphy have helped to make Al Arbour's job an easier one. But you failed to point out the two most important factors in the Blues' new success, Barclay Plager and Jacques Caron. Barc blocks about 15 shots a night and usually adds an assist or a goal. Caron is as acrobatic as Minnesota's great goalie, Gump Worsley.

MIKE L. MCKISM

Beaumont, Texas

Sirs:

If Sid Salomon III will stick to playing golf and let Al Arbour do the managing, the St. Louis Blues may yet win the Stanley Cup.

SHELDON ROSENBERG

Dallas

SHOWDOWN

Sirs:

Your article about the great showdown between handball champ Paul Haber and racquetball champ Bud Muehleisen (*The Great Mano a Raqueta*, Feb. 7) was very entertaining. Having played both of these games for some time, I have come to some conclusions concerning the relative skills required. It took me six years to reach a reasonable level of competence in handball, but only six months to attain roughly the same level in racquetball. Surely the area of the hitting surface is one of the most important factors. Could there be any doubt about the outcome of a match in which these same two men played but used each other's weapons? Doughnuts for Dr. M.!

TOM MORFEE

Battle Creek, Mich.

Sirs:

It's too bad a neutral ball was not used for the match. The handball is just too live for a racquet, and I am sure that this was the factor in Haber's winning. He could never have won with a racquetball.

RICHARD D. MCBRIDE, D.D.S.

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Your created image of me as a four-flushing promoter of the Muehleisen-Haber match has been a source of considerable embarrassment to me, my family and my business associates.

To clear the record, I am not wealthy. And as to the remark that I am "all pinstripes and big bills," I don't own a pinstripe suit and the biggest bill your staff writer saw was a five-dollar bill when I took him to lunch.

And would it have hurt you to mention Memphis State University, whose officials were nice enough to let us use their new $3 million athletic complex for this match?

DEWITT SHY

Memphis, Tenn.

IN DANIELS' DEFENSE

Sirs:

I do not think your description of Terry Daniels (*Back-to-School Time for Terry Daniels*, Jan. 24) was fair. Granted, Joe Frazier beat him soundly. But Ron Fimrite made Daniels appear as a stupid young fool who doesn't take boxing seriously. This is not true. Anyone who dares to step into the ring with Joe Frazier must take the sport seriously. And once he did step into the ring to take the fury of Frazier's punches, Daniels proved himself a brave, mature man.

JAY TURNEY

Joplin, Mo.

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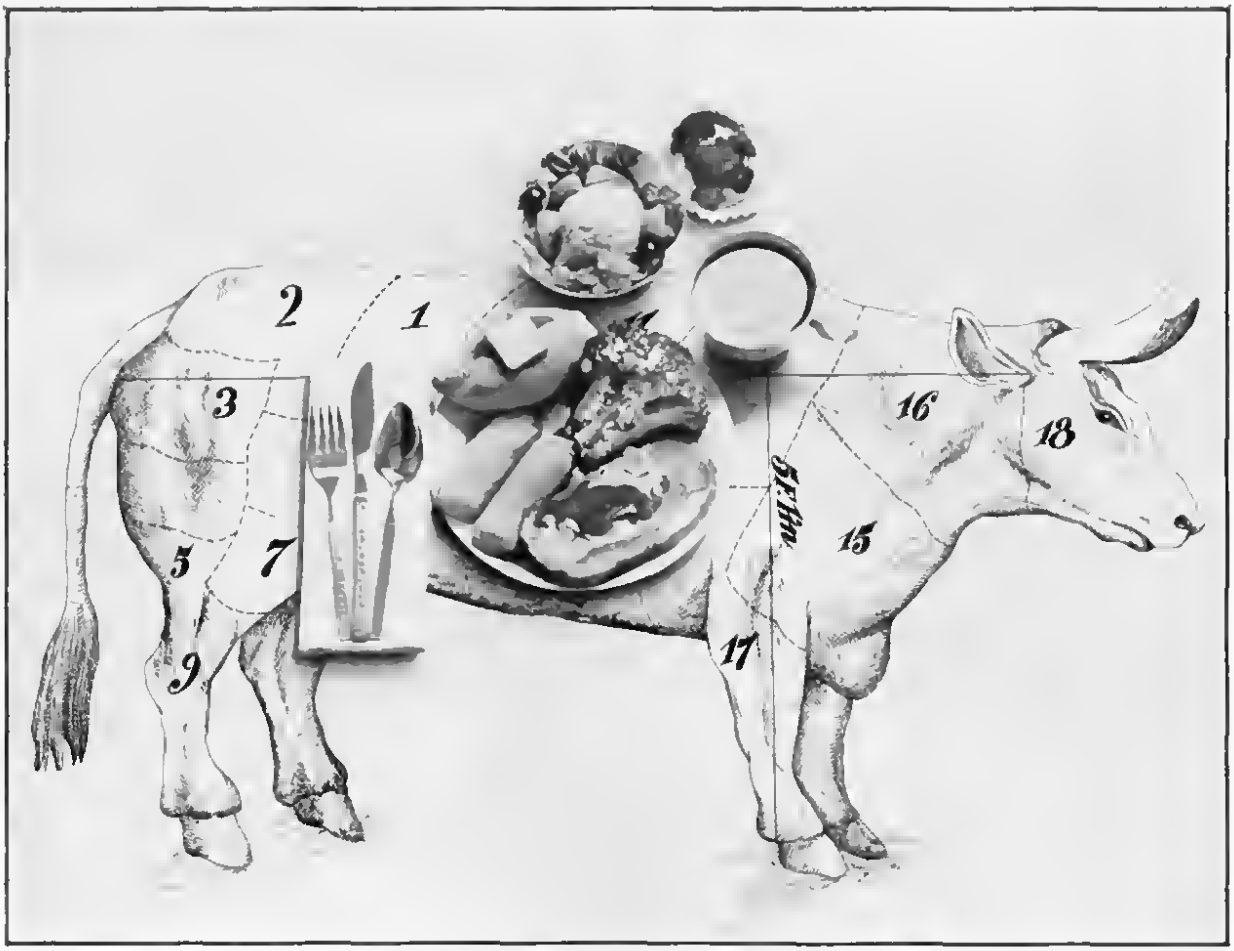
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